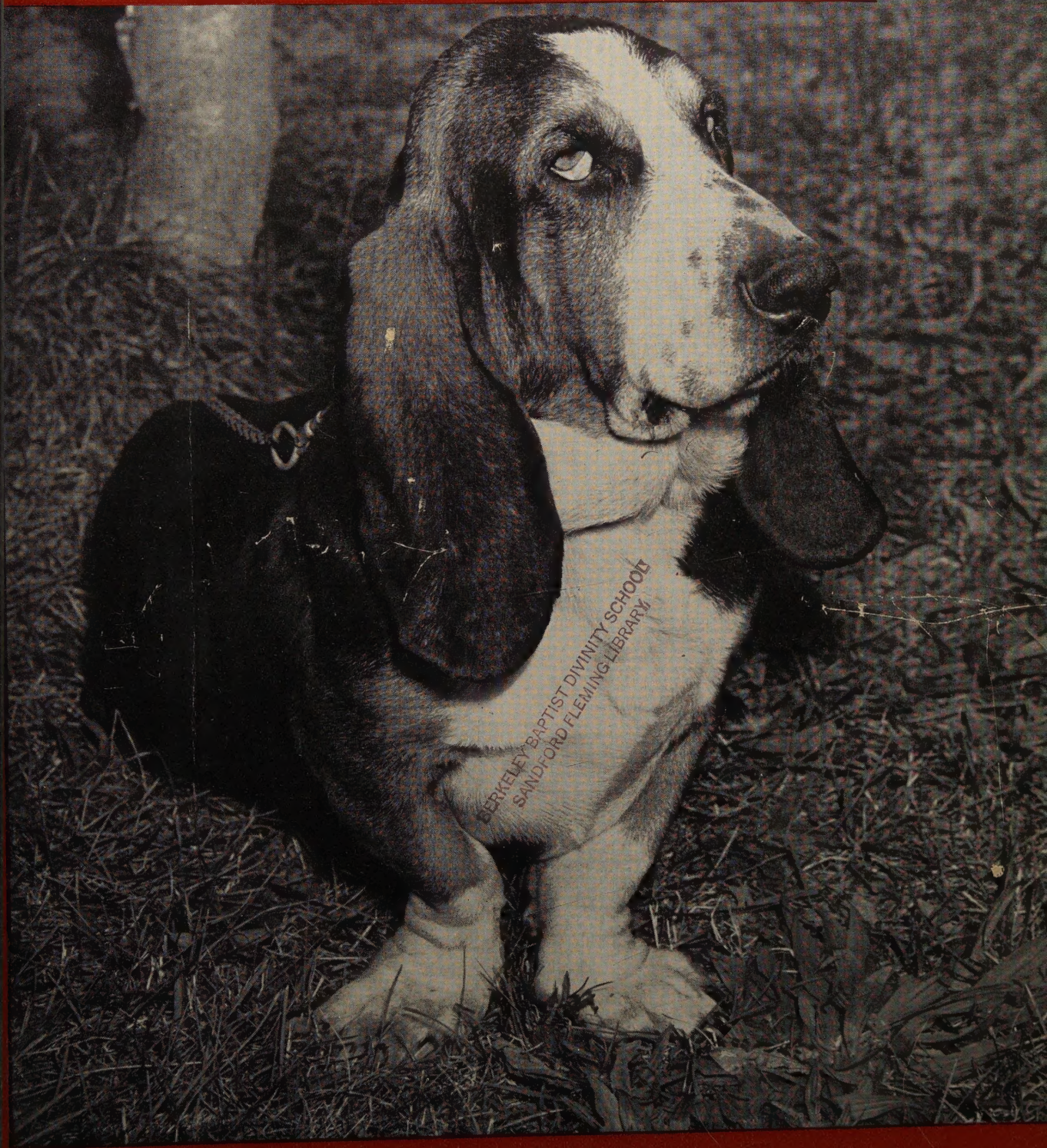


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone



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- **The Child's Right to Knowledge - J. Carter Swaim**

February, 1955 · 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*
SUE HERON, *Assistant Editor*

Contents

ARTICLES

Please Pass the Paper Handkerchief	Ida Crosby Hatton	2
In Spite of a Broken Home	Wayne Clinton Clark	5
Silence Is Stubborn	Minnie Hite Moody	10
Yen for a Den	Dorothy Prather	12
Purse String of My Heart	Marie Nelson	14
The Child's Right to Knowledge	J. Carter Swaim	18
Happy Children Come from Happy Homes	Burdine Muir	22

(Study Article and Study Guide for Parents' Groups)

FICTION

Ward Patient	Helen Dunscombe Marble	7
Children's Stories		
Around-the-Block Band	Esther Freshman	16
Monkey Capers	Mary Chisholm Sweetser	17

FEATURES

The World at Your Front Door		1
Worship in the Family with Children		19
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	26
A Great Ambition Party	Loie Brandom	27
Family Counselor	Donald Maynard	29
Books for the Hearth Side		31
Over the Back Fence		32

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Pooch with a Long Puss

If you're a dog lover, the melancholy mongrel on our front cover will go straight to your cardiac apparatus. Maybe this pooch with the droopy eyes and long puss is sad because he doesn't have a winsome female canine to be his valentine.

This dejected countenance is not confined to the canine breed. Haven't you seen people whose chins almost drag on the ground? (Let us allow ourselves the privilege of being figurative instead of literal.) Perhaps while walking down the street, you have been dismayed at the number of unhappy visages which you have encountered. Next time you're in a crowd of people, don't look at *their* dour expressions. Instead take a survey of *yourself* in someone's showcase window. Do you look as though you had just consumed a quart of vinegar? Do you look like the pooch with a long puss?

If you do, try concentrating for a while on looking cheerful. You'll soon find that it comes without any effort—and you'll really feel much better, too.

What's Here? Apologies are in order for Dorothy Prather, who was informed via my December column that her article, "Yen for a Den," would be in the January issue of *Hearthstone*. It's here for you to read this month, though, and we're sure you'll like it.

A good way to discover the suppressed childhood ambitions of your neighbor is to have "A Great Ambition Party." Read Loie Brandom's feature, if you want to have a party that will be fun for everyone.

Silence, in many cases, is golden, but it can be stubborn, too. Minnie Hite Moody, in her article, "Silence Is Stubborn," tells how silence loses its gl edge when it brings unnecessary tragedy and heartache.

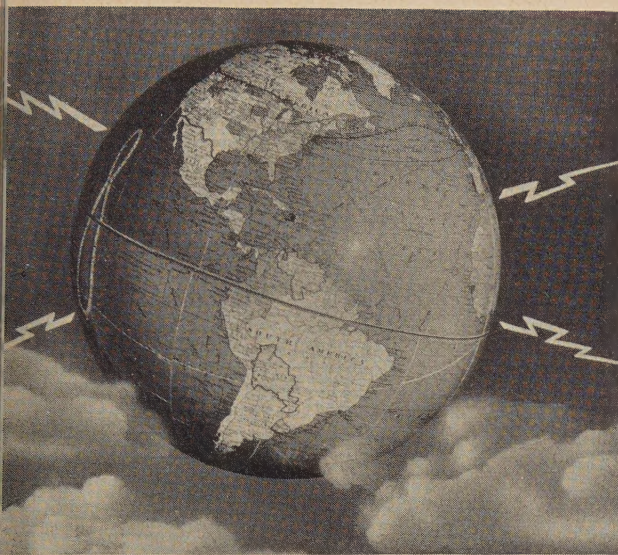
In "Ward Patient," our fiction for this month, Edith develops a new attitude toward life and her fellow-man during the few days which she spends in hospital ward. The kiddies will enjoy "Monkey Capers" and "Around-the-Block Band."

What's Coming? Nancy Brewer has written a heart-warming article about a couple who adopt two children, after losing a little girl of their own, and find that they can be happy again. You want to read "Children in the House."

Teen-agers and their parents will want to take a quiz prepared by Louise Horton to see if they rate an "A" with each other.

See you next month.

S. H.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

Swiss Fight Obscene Literature

Olten, Switzerland—Plans for a nationwide fight against a "black market" in obscene publications were launched at a conference of Protestant and Roman Catholic churchmen and civic leaders here.

A committee was formed to study the publication field and report its findings at a later date. At that time civic and educational leaders will form a permanent organization to combat objectionable literature. Meanwhile church-goers are asked to be on the alert for such material and to send it to their respective churches, including the name of the source.

Bishop von Streng, of Basel and Lugano, told the conference that periodic inspections of material sold at newsstands is not enough to fight this evil. "The problem lies," he said, "with adults who are naive or vicious enough to make pornographic material available to young people. These people make a profit from the corruption of morals and the degradation of the spiritual values of our youth. They must be exposed and punished."

Pastor Walter Tanner, of the Swiss Federation of Protestant Churches, warned against administrative measures that could lead to "too close police control over literature, which would be undesirable."

World Brotherhood Awards Established

New York—Awards for outstanding contributions to the betterment of human relations have been established by the World Brotherhood Organization, Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, its president, announced.

The first World Brotherhood Awards will be presented during the organization's fifth anniversary assembly at Brussels, Belgium next July 11-15 to persons who have performed notable service in this field. Selection of nominees for the awards is now being made by a special committee, Dr. Clinchy

THE WORLD

said, adding that it is probable that awards will be given for each of the World Brotherhood's main divisions—Europe, the Americas, and the Pacific-Asia area.

Under the theme, "Brotherhood for Peace and Freedom," experts from many countries in the fields of education, religion, government, labor, business, and mass communications will take part in discussion panels at Brussels. These will aim at developing programs in social science research, education, and moral motivation calculated to further the organization's goal of training children, youth, and adults in the ways of "giving to others the same dignity and rights every man wants for himself."

World Brotherhood was organized in UNESCO House at Paris in 1950. Among its founders were Paul Reynaud, French statesman; Albert Plesman, Royal Dutch Airlines founder; Leon Jouhaux, French labor leader; Pastor Marc Boegner, president of the Protestant Federation of France; Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris; Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Life-Time*; Arthur H. Compton, scientist; and Spyros P. Skouras, movie magnate and philanthropist.

Honorary chairmen are President Eisenhower, Canadian Premier Louis St. Laurent, Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, and Carlos P. Romulo, personal representative of the President of the Philippines.

A Church for All People

Chicago—Nineteen Japanese-Americans were baptized in North Shore Baptist Church—largest local congregation of the American Baptist Convention. They will become a "church within a church" by their own preference, August M. Hintz, pastor, said. It was the largest mass baptism of middle-aged persons in the church's 49-year history.

In addition to many Japanese-ancestry members North Shore Church has members of Chinese, Filipino, and Puerto Rican extraction. Negroes worship there, although none has applied for membership yet, according to Dr. Hintz. "The board of trustees has insisted that no racial barriers be permitted," he said. "It would be a strange thing for a church to deny membership because of a person's color."

—H. Armstrong Roberts



AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



Camera Clix

Please Pass the Paper Handkerchief!

SO, 'Germs are no respectors of persons. They will try to give a disease to everyone they meet.' That was what the nurse said at the parents' meeting the other night, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She said that germs are hard working, democratic, and generous to a fault. If people would start fighting them early enough, germs could be stopped before they do any real harm. She added that we, as parents, should help our children to follow simple health rules in order to keep well."

"To keep well? If children are going to get childhood diseases, why not let them. The sooner they get those diseases the sooner they will get over them. They are not so bad. People did not pay so

much attention to small aches and pains and colds when I was a child."

"Well, medical science has made such great strides since the time we were children that I am inclined to go along with the nurse in her reasoning. I, for one, am going to do all I can to curb unnecessary illness."

Here are two parents with different viewpoints on a common problem. Which is the better plan for healthful living? Do children need to have so many childhood diseases? Can we parents protect our children's future health by using precaution and preventive measures now? Or should we let children meet some disease as a part of growing up? Let us look

at a few facts and then decide.

The first signs, or the early symptoms, of diphtheria are sore throat, fever, and patches of dirty white or grayish membrane on the tonsils in the nose, and in the throat. It usually takes from two to five days for the germs to develop into disease in a child, counting from the first day the germ entered the body. This amount of time is called the incubation period. The length of time in which the sick child can pass on the disease to other people is called the period of communicability. In diphtheria this is usually two weeks or less, or until the bacteria leave the patches. This is seldom over four weeks.

Measles usually begins with so

Do you think that your children should be exposed to the usual childhood diseases to "get them over with," or do you feel that you should not subject your offspring to chicken pox, mumps, and measles? After reading this article you'll know which "side of the road" you should be on.

by Ida Crosby Hatton

throat, running nose, inflamed eyes, and fever, followed by rash. The incubation period is about ten days, from the date of exposure to the onset of the fever. The period of communicability begins with appearance of the early signs and continues until about five days after the rash appears.

Poliomyelitis, or "polio," has early symptoms headaches, sore throat, upset stomach, slight fever, and stiffness or soreness. The incubation period is considered to be seven to fourteen days. The period of communicability is not definitely known but is thought to be covered by the last part of the incubation period and the first week of the disease, possibly longer in rare cases. We still have much to learn about this disease.

Scarlet fever's early symptoms are sore throat, headache, and fever. A rash appears within a few days, usually beginning on the neck and upper part of chest. Nausea accompanies severe symptoms. The incubation period is short, usually two to five days. This disease can be given from one person to another until the infectious process is healed.

Whooping cough's early symptoms are a cold with an irritating cough that becomes worse in one or two weeks. The disease is marked by the series of violent coughs ending in a "whoop." The incubation period is usually seven to ten days. Whooping cough is especially communicable during the early catarrhal (cold) stage before the typical cough confirms the diagnosis.

This information concerning diagnosis is not given in order

that you might diagnose your own child's illness. It is here to show that the more familiar communicable diseases begin with colds or sore throats and have an average incubation period of from five to eight days.

Rheumatic fever often comes after a neglected sore throat. While this is not one of the communicable diseases, it is like them in many respects. (You can check the verity of these statements with your state board of health or your family physician.)

It is true that the dramatic parts of these diseases—the fevers, the rashes, and the stiffness—are not so bad. It is the complications and the aftereffects that are the most serious parts of the diseases, and the real reason for using precaution and preventive measures.

Most parents will see to it that their children are given a vaccination for smallpox and shots for immunization against diphtheria, tetanus, and whooping cough, but they do little for colds.

A realization of the variety of roles colds and sore throats play in the disease drama gives pre-eminence to rules regarding their control.

At the first sign of a snuffle or a cough, please pass the paper handkerchiefs, and freely! Covering each sneeze or cough will reduce the spread of illness. Be stingy with germs. Keep sister Judy from catching brother Donnie's cold or sore throat. Also, keep Donnie home from school or church school until you are sure it is not measles or scarlet fever. Get your doctor's permission for Donnie's

return to school or church school. Talk with the teacher about the school or church school's policy concerning illness and precautionary measures. It is especially important for you to do this if your child is in the nursery class.

What are some simple rules for keeping well?

First, eat three well-balanced meals each day. Our bodies need the proper amounts of nourishing food to take care of the activities of the day. Milk and milk products will build good bones and teeth. Eggs, meat, fish, and poultry will build muscles, body tissues, and blood. Fruits and vegetables will build bones, blood, and body tissues and provide roughage to promote regular elimination. Bread and cereals will supply fuel for activity, and build muscles, tissues, bones, and blood. Butter will supply easily digested fat for energy. Of course, all these foods provide the necessary vitamins for growth and reproduction. Twelve glasses of fluid each day will help the food to digest better and will help to eliminate waste products from the body. Good food develops a strong body with which to face life.

Second, get about eight hours of sleep each night, with windows open. This will give our minds and muscles a chance to rest and to relax while the other parts of our bodies are using the food we have eaten to repair our organs and body tissues and to keep them in good working condition. The fresh air will make our sleep more restful and undisturbed.

Third, have a good balance between work and play. The old



—Photo by erb

That's right, Mom! At the first sign of a cold
whisk out those paper handkerchiefs!

saying "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is true of people of all ages. Young children have a natural swing from active work to quiet restful play. As they grow, it is necessary for parents and teachers to guide this work and play into the right ratio. There should be times to be with others and times to be alone. There should be a time indoors and a time out of doors. This change of pace and change of scenes will calm the nerves, give us a breath of fresh air for our lungs, and help to freshen our thoughts on life in general.

Fourth, keep clean. Cleanliness plays a great part in the business of keeping well. Germs hate soap and water.

Take a bath at least twice a week. Wash your face and hands when you get up in the morning and before you go to bed at night. Give your skin a chance to breathe. The skin helps to regulate body temperature and to carry off some waste products.

Our hands are so busy here and there that they need special attention. Wash them before eating, after toileting, and after handling things that are dirty or may be germ laden.

Teeth need to be brushed after eating to assure clean breath and to cut down tooth decay. Washing your hair is not only necessary to

good grooming but is an aid to a healthy scalp and hair. A clean body is a clean house for the spiritual you.

Fifth, dress according to the weather. Use clothing that is comfortable, as well as stylish. Do not overdress, or wear too much cumbersome clothing.

Some parents, as soon as the calendar says winter, regardless of temperature, dress their children in heavy underwear, heavy outer garments, sweaters, muffler, snow pants, snow jacket, cap with ear muffs down, mittens, and boots. The children are outfitted till spring. These children catch colds with every breeze, because they are often overheated from being overdressed.

An early American settler, dressed in his warmest clothes, met an Indian rather scantily clad one chilly day. The Indian seemed content with the temperature. Said the settler, "How can you be so comfortable in so little clothing while I, who am so well dressed, feel cold?"

The Indian ventured, "Your face, is it too cold?"

"No," retorted the settler, "my face is used to this weather."

The Indian nodded, "Me—face all over."

Be a little like the Indian and dress sensibly.

Sixth, see your medical doctor

and your dentist for a check-up every six months to be sure you and your children are well.

Does parents' responsibility for the children's health end here? What else can parents do?

They can see that the school at church school their children attend have adequate, clean, well-lighted, well-ventilated space for the number of children enrolled. They can see that toilet facilities are close to the classrooms, and are clean, sanitary, and adequate to care for the needs of the children attending classes. Parents can see that playground equipment is safe, sanitary, and scaled to the children's age-level development. They can cooperate with the pre-nursery leaders by bringing their children only when they are well and when there are adequate facilities and help available.

They can encourage the education of other parents concerning the health needs of all children.

Jesus spent a great deal of his time healing the sick and preparing people for future healthful living of the abundant life. Can we, as Christian parents, do less than try to follow his example?

Frantic Preparations

A mother must frequently worry

When planning on going away:

Her child will protest

While she's getting him dressed

Because he's been taken from play

Then, dressing herself, she must hurry

Because she's discovered that when

She doesn't get through

In a minute or two

Her rascal gets dirty again!

—Richard Wheel

HEARTHSTONE

Many young people are fine, worth-while citizens and good Christians



Harold M. Lambert

In Spite of A Broken Home

by Wayne Clinton Clark

THE break-up of a home is a major disaster. It is a disaster to both husband and wife, but above all else it is a disaster in the life of a child. It is a wounding experience that leaves permanent scars. This damage is accomplished, not simply by the physical act of divorce, but also by the psychological break that precedes the divorce.

Such a separation between two, mutually identified objects of his affection tears the child apart emotionally. He feels frustrated and cheated. He feels rejected and unworthy. He feels angry and suspicious. He grows up wondering if anyone can be trusted. He feels insecure and uncertain.

A woman whose marriage had been wrecked said, "I can never forget the sight of my twelve-year-old boy running down the street after his departing father, calling, 'Dad, where are you going?' The words will haunt me always."

Another deserted woman said, "My eighteen-year-old son was terribly hurt at first, but now he simply hates his father and wants nothing to do with him."

The most significant factor in a

child's life is his relationship with his parents. With regard to possible delinquency in the life of a boy the most significant factor is his relationship with his father. When that relationship is disturbed, the child is in danger. If the father shows hostility or contempt, he blocks up something in his son. The boy has a deep need for emotional identification with his father. He needs an idealized image, an older, wiser friend. If that deep hunger is thwarted by his parent, it will turn in another direction. He may begin to emulate the aggressive "tough" in his neighborhood.

Furthermore, the most significant factor in the life of a girl is her relationship with her mother. She too needs a strong, attractive mother-person with whom to identify. That relationship may be destroyed by the mother's suspicion, neglect, nervousness, or jealousy, and the girl may turn to substitutes much less adequate.

One sixteen-year-old girl tried to resolve her frustration and self-rejection by swallowing poison. Her mother had deserted her and had married another man. Her father, meanwhile, was having an affair with another woman. The girl was totally neglected and probably unwanted. The last straw came when her father forcibly ejected her from the house

and into the streets. A humane court representative rescued her from almost certain disaster and committed her to the rehabilitation of a church-related home for children.

In the atmosphere of healthy love and care, she responded almost miraculously, developed attractiveness in personality and appearance, and subsequently went to college. There she met a young man, whom she later married.

Not every such case turns out so well, however. Too often these thwarted, rejected children become twisted and warped beyond redemption and become the centers of trouble and conflict wherever they go. They become liabilities all through life. Our problems are created by those living over and over again the frustrations, fears, and hostilities of their tragic childhood.

Although it is becoming axiomatic to say that the influence of the first six years of life determines the personality structure of a person, it is not correct to affirm that this is always true. There are individuals who have grown into emancipated, healthy personalities in spite of a broken home, in spite of the tremendous disadvantage of early, crippling fractures in the family relationships.

They have never escaped from all those clinging influences, but

they have climbed on top of them. They have become emancipated personalities. In some instances they have made their early frustrations and hurts helpful to others. They have used their experiences and insights to understand and to guide others.

A minister had just concluded a class lecture in his church in the area of mental health. A discerning young man approached him afterward with the question, "Pastor, what kind of home did you come from? I imagine it was an almost ideal one." "I came from a broken home," replied the minister. "When I was eleven years of age, my parents separated." The young man was amazed. "I would never have guessed it," he confessed. "You are always so well balanced and poised. I supposed your home background was the best."

Out of a home that was split asunder by disharmony, that man had emerged an admirable individual. It was a difficult route, however. He can still remember the paroxysms of panic that seized him when he was compelled to witness the violent explosions that erupted between his parents. He remembers the favoritism of his mother who taught him to fear and distrust his father. "Your mother is the only one who really loves you," she would often tell him.

As a result, when he reached the age of eleven, his father was a stranger to him and an object of fear. When the actual break came, his mother abruptly forgot all her assurances of affection and left him with his stranger-father and older brother. The father and brother made a comrade out of the forlorn lad. Gradually, he learned there was a place in their affections for him. He knew that he was being accepted.

He had a long, hard struggle ahead. He was deeply resentful toward his mother. He was hungry for the affection of a mother-person. He was a very emotional, sensitive boy. He felt inferior to other boys and girls. This was

intensified by their teasing, with which he did not know how to cope. He wondered if he could ever be the equal of others. He tried so hard to measure up that he tried too hard. He created the impression of being conceited.

He was a puzzle to himself. He would be violently angry with his father, or brother, or a friend whenever his whims were blocked, or for other trivial reasons. He would then go for days without speaking to them; all the while he would be churning inside.

As he looks back on that phase of his life, with the insights gained by a study of human personality and mental health, he sees that one of the stabilizing influences in his life was the attention an old, lone-

Wrong Gender

"A charming, lovely little girl.

Just see those pretty curls."

The woman kissed the tiny tot.

"I love sweet, darling girls."

"She ought to be in movies with that grin so cute and coy."

The child replied pugnaciously

"I am a little boy."

—Sue Heron

some man gave him. The old gentleman had a quiet, understanding way and talked with the lad as though he were a man. He showed a real interest in him and often entertained him in his little home overnight. Successful participation in school athletics did much to strengthen the lad's self-respect. He knew he was respected by his comrades and accepted by others.

He believes the church did more, however, than any other agency to build in him self-confidence and satisfaction. There he learned to

gain confidence in the presence of people. He learned to speak on his feet and to sing. The pastor showed a kindly, understanding interest. Then, after entering the Christian ministry, he found he was immeasurably strengthened by serving others and being helpful to them.

His deep desire to be loved by someone he could absolutely trust was satisfied when he met and married the girl who is today his wife.

How can children of broken homes be rescued to meaningful and effective lives? One of the best ways is through tender, loving interest. This is the quality most often lacking in the lives of delinquents. Parents should learn this lesson, and so should teachers. The teacher exercises a dynamic influence on children. It is her privilege and responsibility to help develop integrated personalities in children as well as to fill their minds with facts. Teachers are in a real sense parent substitutes. They must make themselves worthy of that role.

Those who come in frequent contact with children, including parents, should avail themselves of every means to learn the facts of mental health and personality structure. If such opportunities are not available in the community, the church and its ministry have a responsibility here to perform. Ministers are not to try to be psychiatrists, but they have a responsibility to know this field well and to share with others, in classes and in personal interviews, what they have learned. This is spiritual therapy and cure for souls in one of its best forms. The minister stands in a unique and favored position to perform this service.

In addition teachers in the church schools should be conversant with this area. Moreover, they themselves should be healthy personalities. Spurious spirituality sometimes resides in unhealthy personalities and recommends itself to positions where it can do great and lasting damage.

(Continued on page 28)



"You can go home," the doctor said. "You're all right now."

WARD PATIENT

a story by Helen Dunscombe Marble

Illustration by John Steiger

SHE PULLED the sheet higher over her head, trying to shut out everything about her. The sheet smelled faintly of strong soap, or perhaps it was some disinfectant. The bed seemed hard and very narrow. It was visiting hour and the ward was noisy.

She lay still, eyes closed, and thought again of the doctor, how strangely he had looked at her that morning. With one hand curved around the pineapple post of her own bed at home, he had stood quietly, saying nothing, looking down at her. "I want you to go to the hospital. Today," he had finally said.

"But why? This is only the same old thing. I've had it so many times. What good will that do?"

"How long have you been sick this time?" His expression was enigmatic.

"Three or four weeks, I guess. It was a bad attack."

"I'll call the hospital and make arrangements." He hadn't used her bedside phone, she remembered now, but had gone out into the hall.

She wasn't frightened. She was used to these attacks, and to his brusque, blunt manner.

"Did you get my same room?"

He had come back for his bag. He bent to pick it up, and slipped his stethoscope inside before he answered, "There is no private room. You will be in the ward."

"In the ward!" If he had said on the street she couldn't have been more horrified. "But I've never been in a ward."

"It will be for just a short time, a week or so. And there may be a room in a day or two. In the meantime," he snapped the bag

shut, "you're lucky to get a bed. Go over as soon as you can." He smiled briefly and went out.

It hadn't taken her long to get ready. Anna, who came in by the day, packed her suitcase and phoned for a taxi. Anna would look after the apartment and Jonquil, her blond cocker spaniel. There was no one else. Since her father had died six years before she had lived alone. And *liked* it, she thought, with a nostalgic wave of longing for her quiet room at home. This was so dreadful. If only she could get a private room! She needed to be alone. She'd gotten used to an orderly, secluded life when her father was living . . . he was eighty-seven when he died . . . and now that she was ill so much. . . .

THERE WAS a bang on the thin partition near her head which made

her jump. She was to hear it often. It happened whenever the patient in the next bed turned over.

At least the partition created an illusion of privacy, she thought, opening her eyes. Each bed was separated by one extending almost to the ceiling. A green curtain was stretched along the foot. Heels tapped on the bare floor beyond the curtain . . . visitors coming and going. The soft tread of the nurses in their rubber-soled shoes was barely audible, but she could hear the swish of their crisp uniforms as they passed. In her little cubicle was one chair; a badly scratched table with one drawer; one hook on the wall. Over the bed was a neatly typed card with her name, *Edith Granger, age 48, Dr. Lewis*. The bed pressed against a corner of the radiator. She spread her pale blue quilted satin robe over the top to shield her face from the heat, and tried to settle down again.

With a noisy rattle of rings, the green curtain was flung aside. Startled, she sat up. A young nurse's aid, smiling cheerfully, came in with a tray of drinks. "Take your pick! I think that one—the apricot—is the nicest. But most people like the orange juice. Say, that's a lovely bed jacket you've got on. Nylon, isn't it? Any-one that looks swell like you doesn't want the curtains shut. I'll leave 'em open!" She went out breezily, before Edith could stop her, swinging her striped skirt.

It was a hateful sensation, feeling so exposed. Everyone could see her now. She'd draw the curtain again . . . keep it shut . . . just as soon as she rested a bit.

"Hello," a soft voice said. "You're new, aren't you? I saw you come in." A thin young woman in a cheap red-dotted housecoat was looking at her timidly. "I'm Lou . . . Lou Walker. We call one another first names, mostly, here. It's more friendlylike." She waited confidently.

"My name is . . . I'm Miss . . . I'm . . . Edith." It came with difficulty.

"I guess you're tired . . . just got here and all." The woman's voice was sympathetic. "You better rest now. I'll stop by and see

you again. I'm let up twice a day now. I can walk out to the Ladies' and it sure is grand. See you soon, Edith." Red mules clicking, she went across the room. She looked back, waving her arm in a friendly salute as she climbed into her bed.

Without the curtain most of the ward was visible, cubicles like hers, all occupied. She looked about her warily, self-consciously. A young Chinese woman sat in a chair beside an opposite bed. Expressionless, like a Buddha, she sat quietly in spite of her tailored navy blue bathrobe and permanented hair, China through and through. A stout old woman with heavy Jewish features under a tangled mop of gray hair, snored monotonously. A young woman with a pale, sullen face, and a full, pouting lower lip, thickly lipstickied, looked aimlessly through the pile of movie magazines in her lap.

"Nurse," a weak voice called, and one ran quickly to the emaciated little old woman lost in the bed in the corner. How frail she looked, how wizened—deep sunken eyes, queerly bright; wrinkled skin; incredibly bony arms protruding awkwardly from the clumsy hospital gown.

"Excuse me, you, in there!" Another voice, a hoarse one, and she realized suddenly it was someone in the unseen next bed speaking to her. "Will you please ring your bell? The cord on mine has come unpinned and I can't reach it."

Another bang on the partition on the other side. "I'm sorry," The voice was fretful. "The bed will skid every time I turn. What's your name? Mine's Alice and I've been here six weeks and I'm sick of it."

"Murder!" There was a shrill scream and then a moan, weird and blood chilling.

A nurse came to take Edith's temperature and pulse.

"What is that noise?"

"It's nothing." The nurse looked tired and annoyed. ". . . there she goes again. Every time her husband comes to see her. He's such a nice man, too. Look . . . there he is." A thin, stooped man, with

a lined, patient face, went by. "She's a mental case, if you ask me. And she upsets all the other patients. We'll have to put her on the sun porch again." She disappeared.

"Psst! There's Dr. Seward, the house doctor; isn't he a pet!" The Alice person speaking again. "I wish he'd stop and see me! Dr. Sew . . . ard!!!!"

The handsome young doctor, his dark good looks set off by the white jacket, turned, grinned, and waved his hand. "Be a good girl, Alice!" He went on down the hall.

"He's gone! Oh, dear, I want to go home! I want to see my baby! My legs hurt." There was a sound of convulsive sobbing.

A BLOUSY-LOOKING nurse's aid climbed on a small stepladder to fix a curtain that was torn. There was a rip in the sleeve of her too tight uniform. It widened every time she moved her arm. Edith watched it, fascinated.

Could she ever stand this! The noise, the smells, the confusion, all the people. . . .

Only five o'clock. Not one day yet. A student nurse came with her supper tray.

Later, another rubbed her back. Cheerful and gossipy, her strong, capable hands smoothing out the tired kinks, she kept up a steady string of conversation. "Lovely color, your nightie. . . . What do you call it, a rose, would you say? . . . Move over on your tummy, dear. . . . That's better. . . . I s'pose you want to know about your neighbors. That's Mrs. Caron, on your right. Everyone calls her Alice. She's had rheumatic fever; with complications. It's done something to her legs. She's got a swell husband. Wish I had one just like him. He comes twice a day; brings her presents. Miss Mason is on your other side. She's had pneumonia. 'Most well now. She'll be going home in a day or two. Did you see the Chinese girl? Cute, isn't she? She's Mrs. Yeh. She says her first name is Grace; at least that's what her name means. She's older than she looks; thirty-five, and you'd think she was sixteen. Those Chinese, you never can tell. The lady that snores so much is

rs. Isenberg. She's supposed to have a gall bladder operation, if we'll ever let them do it. The young woman in the corner who's looking over here, that's Mrs. Walker. The doctor thought she had ulcers, but I guess it was just too much mother-in-law. There, now, you're finished. Did it make you feel better?"

"Who is the very thin old lady directly opposite?"

"Oh, you mean Miss Carney?" The nurse's face softened. "Poor little Miss Carney. She never complains. Do you know how old she is?"

"Seventy-something?"

"Miss Carney is forty-two. 'Bye now. Sleep tight." She went on to the next patient.

Younger than herself, Edith thought, momentarily shocked. How she must have suffered to look like that. Like a shadowy angelion gone to seed, waiting for the first puff to scatter its fragile old.

She tried to sleep.

It was a restless night. Lights on and off; too warm in the ward; smells; nurses passing on their gowns; a pulsing undercurrent of restlessness and suffering.

BUT TIME goes by, minute by minute. So the next day went, and the next.

"Still no private room?" she asked the doctor each time he came.

He always shook his head. "Get up a bit. Move about," he told her one day as he was leaving.

"I'll go to the Ladies' with Lou," she thought, smiling wryly to herself.

"Coming, too? Gee, that's swell. Say, I love your bathrobe. It sure is a pip. You've got such pretty clothes, nighties and all. It's nice to have you here to look at. It cheers us up. Mind if I stop in and chat with you a while? It's kinda quiet on my side. That Isenberg, she sleeps so much. And I can't hardly understand her, anyway, when she talks. And Grace . . . she looks out the window, mostly. And poor little Carney. . . ."

"Has she no friends, no family? He seems so alone."

"I guess she has friends. She

uster work in a bank. No family, though. The nurses love her. She's always so sweet. Cirrhosis of the liver. She won't be here much longer. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, migraine. I'm here for tests."

"Aren't they something! Tests, I mean. That's why I came. For ulcer tests. Gee, if I'd known what tests were like, I'd've stayed home! But I'm lucky. No ulcers. My doctor is swell. Do you know what he says to me?" She giggled happily. "He says, 'I want you to go to the movies twice a week. Promise!' Can you imagine that! My mother-in-law, she won't like it. She don't like anything, though, so that don't matter." A quick un-

CAN'T doesn't do anything. TRY does it all.

conscious sigh; then she smiled again. "But Jim—that's my husband—he's swell. Is that wave in your hair natural, or is it a perm?"

"Edith," the fretful voice came through the partition, "after you have visited with Lou, come and see me, won't you?"

"You better go. She cries easy. I'll visit with Toni next bed."

It was bewildering. These sudden . . . you couldn't call them *friendships*, could you . . . these demands. A simple acceptance of her as one of them, as if she were as interested in them as they in her, that confused and upset her. They talked, confided, asked questions.

In spite of herself she was drawn into their lives. With the whole ward, she trembled in sympathy for the quiet, steady beau who paled when Cathy, the girl with the sullen underlip, was cross. Who scolded Cathy for smiling at the flashy beau, trying to win her with loud promises and cheap chocolates. Who grieved for Miss Carney, slipping uncomplainingly away. For Mrs. Isenberg . . . "Operation? Too old I am for that. Seventy-two in May. This gall

bladder . . . all foolishness it is." For Alice, twenty-nine years old, but still a child, volatile, emotional; one moment hysterically sobbing for her baby. . . . "He's only four . . . he'll forget me . . . do you think he will? I want my baby!" Petulantly taking her husband and his devotion for granted; then smothering him with emotional penitence. The next minute, her voice like velvet, "That Dr. Seward! *Could* I kiss him!! I'll do it yet. I can get any man. He knows it. He's scared of me already."

ANOTHER day; another day; another.

"Read all your books?" The doctor spoke, looking at the pile she had brought, neatly stacked on her table.

"Well, no. . . ." She was apologetic. "There seems so little time."

He looked at her sharply.

There was a knock on the partition. "Just a minute, Alice. The doctor is here. I'll see you later." She turned to him. "You see?"

He had that strange expression again. "You can go home now, you know. You're all right."

"I am?"

"Don't you know it?"

"I guess . . . I do," she said vaguely.

"What are you going to do this summer?"

"Well," she hesitated. "You won't like it, but I've made up my mind. I'm going to open the lake cottage that I've been renting since father died. I have a cousin; I haven't seen her for years. She's married to a professor, has a lot of children. They have so little money. I thought she'd like to visit. And the children. Anna will help me. Then there's Alice, here. And Lou. And . . . you'll laugh at this . . . I've always wanted to write . . . when I felt well enough . . . a biography of my grandfather. He was such an interesting person. I've been thinking a lot about it here."

"Want to check out after lunch?"

"I'll have to break it carefully to Alice. She cries so much."

(Continued on page 30.)

SILENCE IS STUBBORN

by Minnie Hite Moody

JAN DOBBINS, the pretty little bride in the cute cottage down the street, had had her first quarrel with Tim. "Tim Dobbins, I loathe you," she cried. "I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

She won't, either. Tim must have been mulling over her words as he swung his light coupe into the four-lane highway. At least he didn't see the big bus as it bore down upon him. "Just retribution," some of the neighbors nodded, when poor Jan sobbed out her story.

Of course, a wrathful Providence had not singled out Jan for the purpose of punishing her as a dramatic example. Dozens of brides, and plenty of others, say such words every day, without consequences any more dire than quick anger or wretched heartache.

The world has a brimming share of more stubborn characters, however. I remember Mrs. Webb, the mother of my friend Rosalyn. I was often a guest in Mrs. Webb's home, and for Rosalyn's sake I kept up amenities, though the old lady herself impressed me as mean and sullen, a self-centered old witch who wasn't content unless her daughters waited on her hand and foot. Any guest must come bearing gifts and must spend many minutes feeding the greedy old soul undeserved compliments and listening to her tedious harangue on how she wasn't appreciated.

Continuing in this pattern, when I read in the obituary column of the death of Mrs. Webb's sister, an aged woman of great distinction, I sat down and wrote Mrs. Webb a brief, heartfelt note of sympathy.

Some time later Rosalyn told me with embarrassment, "I take care of Mother's mail; so I apprehended your note about Aunt Hannah. Naturally, you couldn't know—but Mother and Aunt Hannah hadn't spoken to each other in forty years. Mother didn't

want to be reminded of her. She didn't even go to the funeral. I'm sure you will understand, since she gets upset so easily, I couldn't risk giving her your well-meant letter."

Then there was the elderly couple we found living across the street from us when we moved to a charming, elm-shaded Middle Western town.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick called on me, and I returned the call. Her husband was a busy physician who sped in and out of his driveway at uncertain hours; so I took it as a matter of course that the wife must contrive a life of her own. I did not give a thought to the fact that he never appeared with her at church or social functions.

Presently, another neighbor informed me. "Isn't it too bad that Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick never speak to each other? No, they vowed not to say a word to each other for the remainder of their lives. Such refined, cultured people, too. . . . Terribly hard on their daughter."

For, it developed, it was the daughter through whom they communicated. "Will you tell your mother I want my supper at 5:30 prompt, this evening? . . ." "Please tell your father that the furnace says the furnace repairs will be seventy-five dollars."

I listened and watched in deep fascination, for when I was young in those days, and, housebound with small children, I was intrigued and engrossed by such a situation right under my nose. I found myself conjuring up emergencies in which the Doctor (who I learned, was the real originator of the state of affairs) might be obliged to break down and communicate directly with Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Nearly two years passed by, and then one afternoon, almost as if in response to my long, interested

rooding, I glanced out the window and saw that the Kirkpatricks' house was on fire. The lofty, ugly, hinged roof, a mansard type job, blazed with what appeared an ironic joy. I snatched up the phone and called the fire department, then hurried across the street to help other neighbors carry out what we could of the Kirkpatricks' possessions. My mind marked the fact that Dr. Kirkpatrick would be observing his regular 1 to 3 office hours.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick stood on the side porch, wringing her hands. Between loads, I noticed that she had burst into tears. Older neighbor women tried to offer her comfort. They led her to the front lawn. Firemen adjusted their hoses, and in the midst of the excitement, Dr. Kirkpatrick's powerful roadster pulled up to the curb. He stepped out, looking a little less cool and remote than usual. "Now," I rejoiced, "he has got to say something to her. If he will just put his arms around her and tell her everything is all right. . . ." A mere house—even a large, elegant house—burning down did not seem of much importance, under such circumstances. It was infinitely of more consequence that he should speak to her now, and kindly.

I held my breath. So did the other neighbors. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's hand made a barely perceptible movement of reaching out toward her husband.

Then to my horror and outrage he turned his back

squarely upon her and addressed me. "Young lady! Will you ask Mrs. Kirkpatrick if she had enough presence of mind to save my chessmen?"

After we moved to Atlanta, our twelve-year-old Mary Lou had a bitter quarrel one day with her bottom friend, Sara Frances. I heard them on the front steps—tears, sobs, recriminations. "I'll never speak to you again!" "I'll never speak to you, either!"

Mary Lou thudded upstairs and threw herself on her bed. I estimated how long it would take the weeping, insulted Sara Frances to cover the uphill block home on her bicycle. I telephoned softly. "Mrs. McFall," I said, "the children have had a fuss, and Sara Frances is on her way home. As soon as she reaches there, will you turn her around, please, on foot, and start her right back? I'll send Mary Lou to meet her. If they meet by surprise, I'm sure they'll have something to say to each other."

They did. Later, over soft drinks, I told them about Mrs. Webb and about the Kirkpatricks. Both girls are married now, and somehow I don't believe they ever will send their husbands forth into the world with those rash words which are haunting poor little bereaved Jan, down the street. I keep wishing that I might have told Jan, though of course it was none of my business, and of course I didn't know—but just on the chance that there may be other Jans. . . .

Bob Bishop for Don Knight



Winter

Bent over with the weight of snow
The branches feel the strong winds blow
And long for spring's warm breeze.

The river slowly flows along
And sings a quaint riparian song
Amid the tall pine trees.

The bears are in a cave, they say,
To sleep until a warmer day
Brings back spring's gentle breeze.

—Shirley Miner

This author says that you, too,

will have a

Yen b

IF YOU have a wild, rip-snortin' eight-year-old son, you may have one of the richest experiences of your life ahead! You may have the opportunity to be a DEN MOTHER!

In our town the mothers of the Cubs all take a hand at being "Mom." Each serves a three-month "term." The Cubmaster extracts a promise from each mother before her son is initiated, that she will serve sometime during his three years in Cubbing. Of course, exceptions are made, in cases of a working mother or family illness.

The only disadvantage to the system is that Den Mom is just

getting "broken to harness" when it is time to relinquish the task. Some have kept their dens an extra term for this reason. Many communities have a full year term for the den mothers.

It is the firm conviction of Cubbing leaders that the enthusiastic support of the parents is directly responsible for the response of their boy to the program.

Don't let it frighten you, though. Chances are you will have the assistance of a responsible den chief, a Scout from one of the troops. Much of the planning and work of the meeting is done by the den chief. The Cubs themselves will have a turn as "denner," too,

helping to keep order and supervise the games and work.

A monthly meeting with other den mothers of the pack, under the leadership of the Cubmaster, will help iron out problems and coordinate the work so all dens have an opportunity to earn their awards.

The projects at which boys from eight to eleven can work are almost endless. I've a hunch that many a den mother has learned as much from the work as the Cubs! Certainly, she has received a deeper insight into her own son and his ideas as she gives a share of her time and talents to his group.

Some of the things the Cubs learn include feats of skill and various sports; the making of a wide variety of articles from almost anything under the sun; organizing their collections (for what boy doesn't have collections galore?) of rocks, shells, match books, picture post cards, airplanes, butterflies, etc.; the making of scrapbooks, music, nature lore, Indian craft, etc.

My Cubs combined making a gift and a collection. Bringing the prettiest of their small rocks or shells, imbedding them in a glue concoction spread on a small peanut can and shellacking when dry, they turned out very pretty flower pots for their Christmas gift for Mom. Naturally, work on this project was relegated to the basement!

I've often wondered if the Western Union telegrapher ever found

The Cubs make articles from "almost anything under the sun."



Den

at what we were doing. I had
st seen the little rock flower pots
an aunt's home in California.
hen she failed to send the direc-
ons for the glue mixture as I
quested, I wired her about it. I
as alarmed for fear the boys
ouldn't have time to complete
e project for Saint Nick's visit.
e reply by return wire went like
is: 1½ cups whiting—Add
owly in the following order: 1
l glue, 3 teaspoons linseed oil,
teaspoons varnish. Mix till very
ooth. Store in airtight con-
iner.

After reading me the message
er the phone, the bewildered
erator remarked, "I don't know
at you're cooking, but I'm glad
n not your husband!"

The month they studied trans-
rtation, they put on a skit for
e pack meeting. We had every
nd of conveyance from a jin-
eksha and a gondola to a rocket
ip!

These are just samples of the
teresting experiences which Cub-
ng can bring you. Watching the
velopment of added skills and



All ready for a kite flying contest

appreciation of nature in the boys;
the respect they developed for
their flag; the tolerance they
learned in working closely with
boys of other backgrounds; the
satisfaction they found in improv-
ing their skills and abilities, and
most of all, their added reverence
as they studied nature. They
could not help feeling as the psalm-
ist, "The heavens are telling the

glory of God; and the firmament
proclaims his handiwork."
(Psalm 19:1 and 2, RSV)

When your turn comes to be a
den mom—grab it! You'll have a
wonderful time, your son will be
a richer, bigger fellow for his
Cubbing experience, and you will
have the satisfaction of being a
part of one of the most wonderful
movements in the world.

Measures

no gives of wealth gives little else,
no gives of love gives all—
e former shrinks to nothingness,
e latter towers straight and tall!

—Inez Clark Thorson

Invocation

May the joy of the God of happiness,
And the beauty of the God of holiness,
And the goodness of the God of right-
eousness

Come into your lives and abide.
In Jesus' name. Amen.

—Chauncey R. Piety

Solitude

When I'm in quiet solitude
Away from grief and pain,
I listen in my reverie
To memory's refrain.

—Dorothy Picht

Purse String Of My Heart

by Marie Nelson

MY PURSE was empty. Every cent had found a medical outlet as though someone had turned the purse upside down. Yet, another kind of broken string was much more critical. It was the purse-string which, when broken, emptied my heart of the blood of life. This was more than mere financial crisis; life itself was at stake.

The broken purse-string suture was the climax of my heart surgery, the climax of my physical existence. At that point I had to die or get better.

My heart had gradually grown worse since my first rheumatic fever attack when I was only four. In spite of the serenity and convenience of a wholesome home life, I was a heart patient in my teens.

The fever, which usually strikes susceptible children over and over again, seized me four times in my life. As usual, it infected the lining of my heart, leaving more and more scar tissue as the infected areas healed. The scars thickened the walls and pulled and warped the openings between the sections of the heart interior.

In my case the scars had severely constricted one opening called the mitral valve. This valve inside the heart is normally about two inches wide, but finally mine was not more than a quarter of an inch. The blood could not circulate through my heart so rapidly as necessary even when I rested. The stricture of the valve, medically known as *mitral stenosis*, had grown worse until I was completely confined to my bed at the age of thirty.

Mitral stenosis had caused my four rheumatic heart attacks. The heart had been beating frantically for twenty-six years to force the blood through my narrowing valve. The muscle was tired and enlarged from overwork.

Since I could not soar to desirable physical normality, I began directing my energy to channels of mental activities early in life. After completing my master of arts degree, I taught school and later became a supervisor of education.

At frequent intervals, however, I returned home to rest my faltering heart—a total of seven and one-half years of complete rest! Seven and one-half

reminded me of the maximum number of minutes that a total eclipse of the sun can last. My life was in the state of total eclipse, but an eclipse that seemed destined to go on and on until the end of my days.

I had never tried to live like a shark, an animal that requires little or no rest. The lives of some heart patients depend on limited exertion or excitement, but the longevity of a rheumatic heart patient is not necessarily the reward of caring for a rheumatic heart. As yet, science does not know the cause of the infectious rheumatic fever responsible for the cardiac condition. My Christian parents could only join me in praying that the fever would not strike again.

After the last heart attack, I lay in bed meditating and listening to friends and neighbors knocking on my door. They came frequently to express their sympathy and regrets. If only a get-well opportunity would knock!

It did! One day my cardiologist told me all he knew about a new type of experimental surgery that might save my life. My prayer was that I might survive until this operation emerged from the experimental stage. Soon, however, came the day when I could wait no longer. Rest had strengthened my heart muscle, but scar tissue was choking my life away. I had to take a chance by undergoing cardiac commissurotomy.

Surveys tell us that over sixty million people have hospital insurance and thirty-four million, surgical expense coverage. Many persons hold both types of hospitalization policies. Yet, these risks include fees for rheumatic heart patients who need medical attention throughout their lives.

I was too young for old age assistance and too proud for public charity. Never had I been persuaded by life insurance agents nor was I ever eligible for vocational rehabilitation or any kind of government subsidy. I give thanks to God for giving my parents who found a way to bear all of my financial burdens!

By the time I arrived at Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia, the diameter of my mitral valve was

A rheumatic heart patient tells how she recovered in spite of the odds against her. You'll learn that your heart, like your pocketbook, has a purse string.



"Your last prescription tasted just wonderful, doctor.
I must have the recipe!"

ss than a quarter of an inch. Doctors informed e that the normal slit is about two inches. They new as well as I that I had no choice. I was to be e sixty-fourth patient in the world to undergo mmissurotomy.

Dr. O. Henry Janton, associate professor, Hahne- ann Medical School and my cardiologist, coordinated y activities into a schedule of preoperative examina- ons, surgery, and postoperative recuperation. I as very fortunate that he recognized the emotional, ental, social, and spiritual aspects as well as the yysical plight of a mitral stenosis patient.

Congeniality and faith seemed to be the keynote harmony on the eighth floor, the thoracic surgery nit of Hahnemann Hospital. Chronological youth aracterized the physicians, nurses, and heart pa- ents.

My preoperative examinations lasted four days. equently the orderlies rolled me down to the first d third floors.

On the first floor the most interesting phenomena

included three extremely technical types of equip- ment used to make sound recordings of my heart, elec- trocardiograms and phonocardiograms.

The third floor furnished impressive settings for X-rays and fluoroscopy. My most amazing experience here involved cardiac catheterization. The room was black as I reclined upon an X-ray table. A doctor inserted a tube in a blood vessel of my right arm. Gradually, the tube made its way up my arm. I felt it cross my chest to penetrate the region of my heart. The physician had previously explained that cardiac catheterization was necessary to determine the pressures inside the heart.

The fifth day I prayed that God might spare my life as my eyes were closed with artificial sleep in the operating room. It was three days later, after I regained consciousness, that Dr. Robert P. Glover, my surgeon, told me about the broken purse-string suture of my heart.

(Continued on page 28)

Around-the-Block Band

by Esther Freshman

illustration by Marie Lawrence



"I should lead the band because I have the biggest drum."

RAT-A-TATA-TAT! Rata-tata-tat!" Terry was playing his new birthday gift drum. It was red, and it had blue and white shoulder straps. Terry liked to play it very much. He started down the street. "Rat-a-tata-tat!"

Then all of a sudden he heard: "Boom-boom-di-boom!" Around the corner came Bobby. His drum was blue, and it had red and white shoulder straps.

Terry looked very unhappy about Bobby's drum. It was bigger than his.

"I'm leading the parade," Terry said. "I'm marching at the head." And Terry started down the block marching.

"You aren't leading the parade. A parade has other players in it. Where are your other band players?" Bobby asked.

"I'm going after them right now," said Terry. "I'm going to get Tippy-Toes. She plays a bell."

And Terry left Bobby and went down the street to Tippy-Toes' house.

"Boom — Boom — BOOM!" Bobby pounded his drum and went around the corner again.

Tippy-Toes and Terry were playing with the drum and the bell in the front yard when down the street came Bobby. This time

he was leading a parade. Not a big parade, but he did have some band players marching behind him. Peggy, in her red sweater, was playing a tiny, tiny Christmas tree horn that went "tweetle-toot" ever so often. Behind Peggy came Tommy. He was playing a whistle. "Whee-whee," went the whistle.

"We could have a big parade — a great big parade!" said Terry. "I'll lead with my drum. Tippy-Toes can come next with her bell. You can follow with your band. We can march around the block and be a great big parade."

"We could make a great big parade, all right," said Bobby, "but I have to lead the band because I have the biggest drum."

"I thought of the parade first," said Terry. "Besides, the big drum should be in the back of the parade."

"No, I should lead the parade," said Bobby, "I have the most players. You have only Tippy-Toes with a bell. I have Peggy with her horn and Tommy with his whistle."

"All right, then, keep your band," Terry said. "Tippy-Toes and I will march by ourselves. Come on, Tippy-Toes." Down the street "Rata-tat-tat," went Terry.

"Tingle-tingle-ling," followed Tippy-Toes.

"Boom-da-boom-di-B O O M!" Bobby marched up the street followed by the "tweetle-toot" of the little Christmas tree horn and the "whee-whee" of the whistle. Up the street and around the block went the biggest parade. Down the street and around the block went the smallest parade. And in the middle of the block they met. "Rata-tata-tat!" said Terry's drum.

"Boom-da-boom-BOOM!" said Bobby's.

"We're silly," said Terry.

"Yes, we're silly," said Bobby.

"We could both be leaders," said Terry.

"How?" asked Bobby.

"We could be an around-the-block band," Terry said. "Once around the block I could lead. Then we could go 'about face' and you could lead the band back around the block. We'd both be leaders, and we'd both have a big parade."

"All right!" said Bobby. "We'll both be leaders. You can be the first leader, Terry. Come on, around-the-block band. We're a big parade! Fall in! March!"

Terry started to lead the band around the block. "Rata-tat-tat!"

Tippy-Toes came next. "Ring-a-ting-a-ling!"

"Whee-whee!" whistled Tommy.

"Tweetle-toot!" tooted Peggy ever so often.

And "Boom - di - boom - da BOOM!" came the big drum of the parade of the around-the-block band.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRAN HERON



MONKEY CAPERS

by Mary Chisholm Sweetser

RHEBA, the Rhesus monkey, was having her troubles. She only ran farther into the forest when her mother slapped her, hattering to herself. Dinky, her cousin, would be around somewhere. Yesterday he promised to take her down to the river. And if her mother hadn't called just then, she'd have gone. She rammed the pockets of her cheeks full of seed-fruits and wondered why she was always being spanked. Dinky could go anywhere he pleased and do anything that came into his foolish head, because he was bigger. Rheba wished with all her might that she were not so small. She looked down at her tiny hands and feet. Yes, it was just as Dinky said, when he carried her on his back the day before, she was no bigger than a banana.

"Rheba! Rheba!" Her mother's voice echoed in the jungle. Where are you? Don't think you can follow Dinky all around. He's bigger and older than you are, remember! I can't spend all my time looking for you!"

Rheba hid in the tall bushes where it was quiet. "Catch me! Catch me!" she squealed.

"Catch you! That's easy!" That was Dinky, over her head in the tree. She looked up. He was busy twisting off coconuts, his little pink face growing redder and redder. Rheba thought it was going to burst.

Dinky yanked off a coconut and

threw it at Rheba's feet with a thud. She hid behind it where he couldn't see her. Dinky was such a show-off!

"If we hurry," he called, as he scrambled down, "we'll be in time to watch Madam Hippo taking her bath. I saw her, just now, from the top of this tree!"

Another thing about Dinky; he could climb! Rheba hoped that the day would come when she could climb a tree higher than her cousin. That would make her very happy. She peeked around from behind the coconut. Dinky was looking everywhere for her.

"Mama said I couldn't go anywhere with you," she chattered, her mouth full of seeds. "I'll be spanked if I don't mind her, and it still hurts from the last time!"

"Oh, you! You're nothing but a baby!" Dinky used his best coaxing voice. "Nobody wants to stay around his mother all the time, and miss the fun!" That was all Rheba needed. She wouldn't be dared!

"Well, perhaps—if you take hold of my hand all the way—" She reached for Dinky's hand and they flew together through the bushes, over humps and hollows, until they came to the edge of the river.

Rheba was breathing very fast, and she was a little scared to be so far away from home, for she thought she could hear her mother calling. That was the trouble! Her mother called her so much. Sometimes she thought it was her voice, but when she listened it was only the leaves moving on the trees and the chattering of the other monkeys.

"Look!" Dinky pointed to Madam Hippo splashing about in the water. "There she is. As big as a mountain!"

At the sound of Dinky's voice a big head appeared, and two bright eyes glistened and rolled from side to side close to them. It was their friend, the crocodile.

(Continued on page 30)



The Child's Right To Knowledge

by J. Carter Swaim

executive director
Dept. of English Bible
National Council of Churches



Clark and Clark

The Revised Standard Version of the Bible is easy for children to read and to understand. One small boy said of this fascinating new Bible, "It reads like a story, doesn't it?"

IN THE year 1954, Columbia University celebrated its bicentennial anniversary. This educational institution, older than the city of New York, had a year-long celebration in which eminent men from our country and abroad took part. The slogan of the celebration was "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof." Philosophers, statesmen, and clerics all joined in paying tribute to a university which for 200 years has upheld the right to free speech and free inquiry.

In our concern about man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof, we ought not to overlook children's right to knowledge and the free use thereof. In recognition of that right an edition of the *Revised Standard Version of the Bible* has been prepared with features which will make it attractive to the young. The cover is black limp imitation leather, and in the front there is a presentation plate with the words: "The Holy Bible containing the Old and New Testaments, Presented to

..." There are also aids to study, including twelve pages of maps and a dozen good illustrations.

For the Old Testament the pictures include Lot's choice, Joseph sold by his brothers, Ruth glean- ing in the fields, and David the shepherd boy carrying a lamb. These are all in color, and a study of them in detail will help to familiarize children with the world of the Bible: the nature of the Palestinian countrysides, the attire and occupations of the people, and camel caravans passing through the land of sheep and shepherds. New Testament illustrations picture Jesus in infancy, before the learned men in the temple, teaching the disciples to pray, dealing gently with children, and on trial before Pilate. Another shows Paul making his dramatic escape in a basket over the wall of Damascus. Any one of these pictures will furnish a starting-point for family discussions of religion.

The maps help to fix in mind the scenes of holy history: Egypt,

Sinai, Canaan; the trivial allotments, the kingdoms of Israel and Judah; Jerusalem, Palestine, and the Roman world over which St. Paul made his journeys. Edited by Herbert G. May and Chester C. McCown, the maps include the identification of sites in the Holy Land made possible by recent archaeological discoveries.

It ought to be noted that geographical names used in the Revised Standard Version are the same ones the child will read about in his current events classes where the Near East is being discussed. Newspaper headlines in 1954 read "Northwest Negeb Battling Locusts," "Negeb Farmers Use Old Method to Conserve Meager Rain." Children instructed in the Revised Standard Version will find that it is related to their geography lessons.

Genesis 13:1 (KJV¹) relates that Abraham, Sarah, and Lot "went up out of Egypt into the South." South of Egypt is Ethiopia. Abraham actually went northeast into the region adjoining the Sinai peninsula. The Hebrew word describes a dry or desert area, a parched land, whose annual rainfall is said to be less than two inches. Its mountainous slopes are barren, and through it no great highway has ever passed. A 1954 advertisement of the Israel

¹King James Version.

(Continued on page 28)

Worship in the Family With Children

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and in the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

A Bible Verse

Love one another.—John 15:12.

A Grace

We say a happy thank you,
Dear Lord, for all things good;
For home and friends and play-
mates,
And for our daily food.

Amen.

—Lee Baker

A Prayer

God bless all the children in the
world,
Wherever they may be,
and help us show our friendliness
To all the ones we see.

—Marguerite Atherton

A Reminder

Are you making some pretty valentines to give to your family and friends because you love them? Can you think of someone else you could make happy by sending them a valentine? Read the story about Sarah Ann's valentines on the next page.

Theme for February:

GOD LOVES US ALL

To Use with Younger Children

God Loves Children

Do you see the boys and girls in the picture on this page? What do you think they are doing? Are they having fun? How can you tell? Yes, most of them are smiling, aren't they? Where do you think they are? Yes, they might be on a playground in a park. They might be on the playground at kindergarten or at school. Anyway, we know they are having a good time playing together.

All of them have on a coat or a sweater to keep them warm. All of them have a father, a mother, an aunt, a grandmother, a grandfather, or someone at home to love and care for them. Because God loves all children everywhere, he planned for members of a family to live together and to care for each other.

The parents of some of the children in this picture may have come to this country from faraway lands. They may talk in words which we could not understand, but they know what they say. Before they eat, they may say grace, just as you do, only their words might not sound like the ones you say. God understands all the prayers, from people in all countries.

Many children live in other countries. Some of the countries are close to us, like Mexico; some are far away, like Japan. The children in all countries like to play with dolls, balls, and other toys, just as you do.

Boys and girls in other lands like to play with pets, just as you do.

Boys and girls in other lands go to church, just as you do.

Happy Thoughts

I am glad God planned good things for children everywhere. I am glad God loves all of us everywhere. I am glad God cares for me.



A VALENTINE—WITH LOVE

"Mother, I want to make some valentines," said Sarah Ann.

"That's a good idea," said Sarah Ann's mother. "I think I have some red paper and some paper doilies you may use."

"I'll get my scissors and paste off the shelf," added Sarah Ann, happily.

Mother got the box of colored paper. She brought the package of white, lacy doilies. She put these beside Sarah Ann's little table.

Sarah Ann brought her scissors and paste. She put them on her table.

"Now, let's see. What else do you need?" asked Mother.

"I need some pictures," said Sarah Ann.

"Let us see if we have some magazines, with pretty pictures, which we have finished reading," suggested Mother. "What kind of pictures do you want?"

"Oh, pretty flowers and birds," exclaimed Sarah Ann.

Mother and Sarah Ann went to the magazine stand. Mother selected two magazines and gave them to Sarah Ann to carry into the room where she was going to work at her little table.

Mother joined Sarah Ann and for a while the two worked together. Mother cut some heart shapes from the red paper. Sarah Ann cut lace designs from the doilies and pictures from the magazines. Then Mother went into the kitchen to start preparing dinner and Sarah Ann worked by herself. As she worked, she thought of her friends to whom she would give the valentines. "They will be happy to get a valentine," she thought to herself. As she worked, she began to sing. She was so busy working and singing, she did not hear her mother come back into the room.

"That's a pretty song," said Mother. "What is it?"

"It's one we sing at church school," replied Sarah Ann. "It says that there is something happy on the way and God sends love to you. The valentines I am making are happy things, aren't they? I mean the people who get them will be happy, won't they?"

"Indeed they will," agreed Mother. "They help to show God's love, too."

"How?" asked Sarah Ann, with a puzzled look.

"Well, whenever we do things for people that show that we love them, we remind them that God loves us all. One way he shows his love for us is through helping people to love one another and to do kind and loving things for each other," explained Mother.

"It makes people feel good to know God loves them, doesn't it?" said Sarah Ann.

"Yes," agreed Mother.

"I think I would like to put that on my valentines," said Sarah Ann.

"How will you do that?" asked Mother.

"Can't you help me think of a verse to put on them?" questioned Sarah Ann.

"Perhaps I can," said Mother. "Maybe we could write one together. Let's see. You have used pictures of birds and flowers. Suppose we start with 'God made the birds. . . .'"

"And flowers," added Sarah Ann.

"And all things large . . ." continued Mother.

"And small," said Sarah Ann.

"He'll not forget His little ones," Mother went on.

"I know He loves us all," said Sarah Ann. "That's good. Then I'll put 'love' and my name so my friends will know I love them, too." And she did.

To Use with Older Children

A Bible Verse

If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.—Ephesians 4:32.

God Loves Us

God made the lovely butterfly,
He made the busy bee,
He made the ocean, earth, and sky,
He made each friendly tree.

I know that God who made the air,
The stars, and moon, and sun,
Sees all His children everywhere
And loves us every one.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

Prayer

Dear God, we are glad that you love all people everywhere. Sometimes we forget that you love everyone. Sometimes we feel that we are better than other people just because they look or speak differently from us. Help us to remember to be kind and loving to all your children everywhere. Help us to find ways to make others know about your love and care. Amen.

God Loves Us All

God loves boys and girls everywhere—
Those who have brown hair, black hair,
blond hair, red hair
Those who have blue eyes, brown eyes,
gray eyes, green eyes
Those who have red skin, brown skin,
white skin, yellow skin
Color makes no difference;
God loves us all.

God loves boys and girls everywhere—
Those who live in big homes, little homes,
trailer homes, bamboo homes
Those who live in the city, the country,
the small town, the camp
Those who live in the North, the South,
the East, the West
Where we live makes no difference;
God loves us all.

God loves boys and girls everywhere—
Those who speak English, French,
German, and Spanish
Those who speak Hindi, Japanese,
Italian, and Mexican
Those who speak Chinese, Indian,
Greek, and Hebrew
Our language makes no difference;
God loves us all.

—J. P.

God Is the Loving Father

Mabel Niedermeyer

Arr. from Finnish Folk Song
Roberta Bitgood

1. God is the lov - ing Fa - ther Of chil - dren ev - ery - where; No
2. He loves all those in far lands Whom I may nev - er see; He

mat - ter where their homes are, They live with - in His care.
al - so loves the chil - dren Who live next door to me.

REFRAIN
I'm glad God is the Fa - ther of chil - dren ev - ery - where, And
that we all may love Him and talk with Him in prayer.

Hymns for Primary Worship.

For Family Worship

Call to Worship: 1 John 4:11.

Hymn: "God Is the Loving Father" (on this page, or select some other hymn that helps you to think of God's love for all people everywhere).

Poem: Choose one of the following:

- "God Loves Us" (on this page)
- "All One Family," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Winter Quarter, page 18

Meditation: Choose one of the following:

- "God Loves Us All" (on this page)
- Story, "A Valentine—With Love" (on opposite page)
- Conversation about God's love, with all the members of the family taking part

Prayer: Use the one on this page or let each member of the family contribute a thought to your own prayer.

Hymn: "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." You might want to join hands as you sing this familiar and loved hymn.

HAPPY CHILDREN HAPPY

by *Burdine Muir*



Vivienne Lapham



RNS



A. Devaney

HAVE you ever noticed how often artists portray a sad or solemn Jesus? I can think of only two that show the Savior in a really happy mood. Tom Curr, in the picture "Follow Me," gave us a smiling Jesus walking along a road with children of various races and nations. In a picture which he called "Playtime with Jesus," Harries depicts a laughing Christ, tugging a rope with children at a seaside.

I have been interested to see the reaction of children to these pictures. They seem to enjoy them more than any others. A little boy said of the Harries' picture, "I like to see Jesus happy."

Everybody wants happiness, but all may not define it in the same terms. It is not necessarily a mood of laughter and gaiety—although those may well be a part of it. Smiles sometimes hide a heavy heart or an angry attitude. Just as beauty may be only "skin deep," so laughter may be shallow and fleeting. Let's take a look at happiness. It does not depend upon outward circumstances nor material possessions. If that were so, the rich, the handsome, the successful, and those in good health would abound in joy.

We have but to watch the newspapers or to observe those about us to know such is not the case. The rich often live in a state of fear and discontent. Those endowed with unusual physical beauty and charm may dread the advancing years. The successful know the price that is paid to reach "the top of the ladder," and they also know it is no easy task

to keep balanced in that precarious position. Those fortunate persons who enjoy the best of health are susceptible to the same germs as the same dread diseases as the rest of us. They are also as likely to meet with a crippling accident in these days of high speed machines.

What are the ingredients of happiness? *First*, it is rooted in serenity and security—an inner calmness and assurance that has nothing to do with exterior circumstances and that enable one to face courageously every disappointment and any suffering which may be encountered. Only an abiding faith in God can develop these roots to the maximum strength. A woman who lost her only daughter, a husband who saw his beloved wife waste away in hopeless illness, a young mother dying of cancer—all these demonstrated this powerful faith to me.

Second, happiness cannot exist without an interest outside of self. Harry Emerson Fosdick pointed out that a person who was wrapped up in himself made a very small package. Have you ever listened to those whose only conversation is about their health, their children, their work, and their interests? How different is the attitude of those who have interests outside of self. An arthritic woman who can't dress herself to walk a step radiates joy. When church friends call, she says, "Now tell me all about the church." Perhaps she will tell you about the book she is reading and eventually you will tear yourself away from an engrossing conversation about wild life conservation or inter-

COME FROM OMES

nal affairs. Another invalid who suffers much pain is sought out by the "hale and hearty" who want to be pulled out of the dumps. As one person said, "I don't know how she does it, but that woman can take you away from your worries and restore you to a happy frame of mind." A genuine concern for others—relatives, friends, neighbors, those in need—will bring restoration to the self-centered neurotic. Reading, hobbies, and sports also help to draw us outside that narrow and confined circle of self-interest.

Third, the happy person does not magnify petty irritations and is not upset by trivialities. A recent newspaper column on advice parents had this title: "Overworked Mothers are Cross Mothers." Every parent knows the truth of that statement. When he is exhausted, every little noise is magnified. Children annoy us, stairs are in our way—nothing goes right. The grumpy person is often cross about insignificant things, and he makes himself and others miserable by his complaints and criticisms. One man said, "I can't tackle the big problems. It's the little things that get me down. A broken shoelace, a shaving cut, a piece of burned toast may mar my whole day." A woman who finds petty things irritating her knows that the trouble is in herself; so she packs a lunch, takes a good book, and leaving her housework undone, goes off to a quiet park to read and relax. As she says, "It's better for the family to come home to a messy house than to a cross mother."

Fourth, happiness means an appreciation for little things and a gratitude for what one has. A glorious sunrise, a beautiful flower, a golden tree in the yard, little deeds of kindness or words of appreciation make an indestructible treasure.

"I never begin a day without thanking God for the night's rest, for the comforts of my humble home and for the joys of family life," said a woman.

In its highest concept happiness is essentially Christian—an attitude of mind, a quality of spirit, a way of life.

Many parents think they fulfill their highest obligation to their child when they provide him with a comfortable home, good food, adequate medical care, the best possible education, a savings account, and clothes and toys comparable to those his friends have. A little boy who had many mechanical toys and entertaining playthings sat banging them and crying, but he seemed content with his mother in the kitchen where various utensils were at his disposal. A high school boy with his own convertible and plenty of money to spend finds himself in trouble with everyone—parents, teachers, policemen, and even friends. It is a crime against children to encourage them in a self-interest which will work against them throughout life.

Psychologists tell us that an unhappy home life leaves ineradicable scars upon a child. If we can help our children to possess the ingredients of happiness, it will allow them to develop their capac-



A. Devaney



RNS



Krewson

ities to the greatest possible extent and will bring to them and to others associated with them life's greatest satisfactions.

When a child feels wanted and needed, he has a sense of assurance that nothing else can give. When he has a faith in God, it gives him the greatest possible sense of security. When he learns to be considerate of others, he knows real happiness.

Parents should encourage interests in other persons and in things outside self. Hobbies are both entertaining and educational. Collecting rocks, stamps, or dolls, making scrapbooks, caring for a garden, photography, music, sewing, and painting are all wonderful hobbies. These are things, too, in which the entire family may take an interest to the mutual benefit of all.

Family projects undertaken to bring pleasure to relatives, neighbors, or friends will do much to encourage the spirit of giving. A girl goes regularly to read to a blind woman. A musical family shares their interests and talents with those who were shut-in. Handmade puzzles sent to children in the polio ward of a hospital bring much pleasure. All of

these things develop in us a respect for others and a concern for their welfare.

In the home it is very easy for parents to create an unwholesome attitude by being over-critical of the children. A mother may be always finding fault with her daughter—frowning and scolding for every trivial thing. Children may feel unwanted or unappreciated when such an atmosphere prevails and may develop a sense of inferiority or futility. Scolding and nagging have no place in the home. Threats and bribes are immoral. Parental tantrums are futile, and physical force is always dubious. Reprimands at meals or at bedtime are bad because these are times for sharing experiences and discussing interesting subjects. Eating and sleeping should be accompanied by pleasant thoughts and conversation. It is no time for tension. Every life must be disciplined, and discipline should be direct, firm, and consistent—but always kind.

From earliest childhood boys and girls may be taught by example and by conversation to appreciate little things and to express gratitude for what they have. In a church school class a teacher cut an apple in two crosswise and

showed the children the star at the core. They were so much impressed that they made a little song about the star in the center of the apple. Appreciation for flowers, for rain and snow, reverence for life, respect for persons who are different from ourselves, gratitude for kind and considerate acts—such qualities are more precious possessions than wealth, health or education.

Every home has an atmosphere. In some homes is an air of tension and disagreeableness. In others one feels a selfish coldness. Some have an air of careless abandon. There are homes, however, where happiness overflows. The family members are secure in their faith in God and in their affection for one another. They have a genuine concern for others and the ability to discern what is important in life. They do things together—it may be books or music or sports which they enjoy. They have an appreciation for small things so that every day brings occasions for gratitude.

Happy homes make happy children. We know the ingredients of happiness. Why don't we mix them together and pour them into our homes?

Who Starts the War?

Who starts a war?

'Tis you and I

For in our selfish hearts we cling
To greed and hate—to God we fling
Vile curses.

Who starts a war?

'Tis you and I.

The stubborn silence—the unkind word
Has smothered love, no voice is heard
In gratitude.

Who ends a war?

'Tis you and I

The power of prayer to each will bring
The spark of love, to live and sing
Of peace with God.

—M. Bagby

Quest

Tonight the sea is restless,

I hear its troubled cry,

And I who know bereavement

Can understand its sigh.

Can understand its longing

To go beyond its reach—

To go beyond the sea cliffs

And leave the sandy beach.

Thus have I vainly striven

To reach a passing star—

To meet the dawn unchallenged

By fate's relentless bar.

—Edna E. King

STUDY GUIDE

Preparation

1. Select a parent's class or a group of parents in the church school and make a survey to discover what things seem to bring most happiness to the home. Suggest such things as holiday preparations, trips to parks, family reading, church activities, and playing games together. Report these findings to the meeting.

2. Ask a small group of parents and children to meet and suggest family projects for aiding or bringing pleasure to others. Discuss these projects at the meeting and make plans to carry them out.

The meeting

1. Introduce the subject by trying to define happiness. Approach the subject in a variety of ways—from the materialistic standpoint and from the Christian view. Next speak of the influence that happy parents and congenial home life have upon children. Refer to such qualities as trust, affection, and a feeling of belonging. The habits of family worship and regular church attendance are important elements in happy home life. Take only five minutes for this introduction.

2. Have a fifteen-minute buzz session. Divide into small groups and assign questions to be discussed. Each group should choose a leader and a secretary to take notes and to summarize their discussion when the whole group re-convenes.

Suggested topics for discussion:

1. Must we be happy? Some of the greatest literature, music, and art has been created by those in direct misery and complete unhappiness.

2. Does a sense of humor denote unhappiness?

3. Why is happiness in its highest concept essentially Christian?

4. Self-preservation is the first

law of life. Doesn't selfishness preserve us, further progress, and promote civilization?

e. Do people take advantage of those who live for others? Jesus, himself, was an example of what true unselfishness and concern for others does.

f. How do we implant in children a strong faith in God? Is this the business of the home or the church?

g. What do you think of discipline that includes bribes at Christmas time? (If you don't be good, Santa won't come. In fact, have we not let Santa Claus overshadow the Babe of Bethlehem?) What do you think about threatening children with their father or with God? (Just wait until your father comes home, young man!! I may not see what you do, but God sees you when you are naughty!) Do such parental attitudes undermine a child's faith in both God and parents?

h. What sort of discipline helps a child? We do not punish him to hurt him or to get even with him. We want him to learn self-discipline. How often are parents guilty of "taking it out" on a child?

i. It is important that the climate of both freedom and interdependence prevail in the home. How can we achieve both of these at the same time?

j. Suggest activities which families may enjoy together.

k. Make a list of family projects for helping others.

l. We used to scoff at the idea of prenatal influence. Now psychologists tell us it is not an "old wives' tale." At least in the preparation for parenthood and in the development of the parents may there not be created a love and appreciation for childhood and a home atmosphere where children

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories about children around the world are sometimes found in the primary and junior story papers. Some are suitable for simple and easy dramatization. Books containing stories of children of other lands may be found in the church or public library.

Guide in Making Valentines. Children can make valentines for parents, other children, missionaries and others. Suggestions for making valentines may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeing. Direct Games. Games which are fun and help in understanding children of other countries can be found in *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen. Excellent songs of other countries are contained in the book, *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas. Children will enjoy singing these songs.

(Continued on page 26.)

Study Guide

(Continued from page 25.)

are both wanted and needed? Like infant dedication at a church service, no magic is worked upon the child, but it does cause the parents to face their responsibility as Christian teachers and examples, and it commits them to their task.

Instead of the buzz session you might have role playing and call it glimpses of home life. One scene might show cross, grouchy parents taking it out on the children. Another scene might show the worried, complaining mother and the long-suffering father. There could be a scene of disorder and confusion but there should also be shown a scene of harmony and happiness. These should

be done extemporaneously and can be much more effective than rehearsed scenes and memorized lines. The element of spontaneity makes them very interesting. Discussion might follow the role playing.

III. Close with Worship

The Beatitudes are appropriate scripture to use for the worship. Use the Basic English New Testament which begins each beatitude with "happy," instead of "Blessed."

Sing the beautiful hymn "Breathe on Me Breath of God," preceding the prayer.

Conclude with the unison reading of "Beatitudes for the Home," mimeographed copies having been distributed

before the service. Make your beatitudes, which may be something like this:

1. Happy is the home where God is praised and always revered.
2. Happy is the home where parents and children respect and love one another.
3. Happy is the home where joys and sorrows are shared by all the family.
4. Happy is the home where each learns the joy of serving others.
5. Happy is the home whose family serves the church with loyalty and faithfulness.
6. Happy is the home where the teachings of Jesus are used as a guide.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121
122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143
144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154

Solution on page 30

A Weak -----	105 11 40 14 44 89
B Seesaw -----	104 28 61 46 113 134
C Small -----	72 110 25 59 82 77
D Wild animal about the size of a leopard -----	39 5 87 8 47 93 27
E A descendant of Ham -----	86 18 55 78 64 35
F Plenty -----	83 96 92 125 79 60
G Person good at sports -----	98 85 7 23 71 127 2
H An ability to do something especially well -----	32 54 126 45 12 101
I Capital of Nova Scotia -----	102 95 1 138 118 128 124
J An assortment of different things -----	132 90 31 106 6 115 53
K Commandment that says "You shall not steal" -----	29 141 58 137 69 48
L Violent windstorm -----	3 56 34 42 9 19 37
M Man who takes care of a building -----	36 20 129 65 4 73 76
N Yeast -----	108 120 30 10 123 62
O Bound with a rope or chain -----	100 63 13 116 131 43
P One twelfth of a year -----	50 66 142 144 33

Q The longest dimension of anything -----	107 49 139 140 84 70
R Dizzy -----	16 38 122 75 135
S A little trip on business for someone -----	24 91 94 103 57 22
T Long pole with a step or loop, for walking -----	68 114 143 99 26
U Land surrounded by water -----	119 81 121 41 21 130
V To feel displeasure at something -----	74 15 51 133 80 111
W A booth for a horse -----	88 136 52 17 112
X Small rooms for reading -----	97 117 67 109

A Great Ambition Party

by Loie Brandom

illustrations by Ann Hysmith



OUR great ambition may not be to become president like Washington and Lincoln whose birthday we celebrate in February. You may not even be ambitious to become a famous inventor like Thomas A. Edison, or a writer like James Russell Lowell or Longfellow, or a "Buffalo Bill," all of whose birthdays also come in February. There are few persons who in their younger years, however, have not had ambitions to become something or another—a sailor, a nurse, a fashion model, a cowboy, a policeman, a streetcar motorman, a millhop, a musician, or a fireman. In any child, and you'll find that in one has a worth-while ambition. So, an ambition party is a wonderful idea for that get-together of family, neighbors, and friends for February. It can be a community affair if desired.

When you deliver the invitations, ask each invited guest to come to the party dressed to represent his ambition. It will be a play gathering that will show up the fun, you may be assured.

Upon arrival, the guests will be numbered with a number, and a paper and a pencil will be handed to each. The guessing of the characters represented begins at once and keeps the guests circulating until the answers are signed and turned in to the judges. Some costumes will be easy to guess like "the old-

fashioned girl," the tramp or hobo, or "the first automobile owner," with his long duster, gloves, goggles and cap, but there will be other characters who will not be so easily identified.

Ambition Charades is a game which can be adapted to a group of almost any size or age. Divide the guests into groups of four each, and from a bowl or basket containing slips of paper, ask each group to draw one slip. On the slips, previously prepared, have printed the name of some occupation such as farmer, carpenter, gardener, coal miner, athlete, or doctor. At the proper time, when called upon by the leader for their representation, each group, one at a time, acts out the occupation they are to represent. "Props," such as a hoe or rake for the gardener, a milk pail or basket of corn for the farmer, a golf club, baseball bat or basketball for the athlete, saw and hammer for the carpenter, may be used. Each group is called by a different letter of the alphabet; so the person who first guesses and calls out the correct identification of the charade being acted wins five points for his group. At the end the group with the largest total of points wins.

What is Your Ambition and Why? Distribute pencils and papers with the above sentence written at the top and explain that five minutes' time will be allowed for an answer to the question asked. The funniest, or most absurd, answer will win the prize. As an example: when a fourteen-year-old boy was asked on a TV program by the MC what he wanted to be when he grew up, he answered quickly, "a bachelor."

"Why do you want to be a bachelor?" the MC asked.

"Because I have nine brothers

and sisters," the boy answered without hesitation.

Follow this with a good lively game such as the following.

My Ambition: For this game all the players are standing. When the leader calls, "My ambition is to be an Indian warrior," all the players must in some way demonstrate the way each one thinks an Indian warrior would act. Of course it is a bit startling when the guests give a war whoop and start doing an Indian dance about the room, but it is amusing to see each guest's interpretation. When the leader next calls, "My ambition is to be a farmer," it may be surprising to see the different conceptions of what the players think a farmer might be doing when at work on his farm. The same holds true with a policeman on his beat or on his motorcycle; a housekeeper going about her daily duties; or a merchant selling goods.

An Ambition to Fly: Divide the guests into groups of four each. Have ready a tightly stretched thin wire (broom wire is ideal) for each group, the courses strung about shoulder high from one end of the room to the other. Have each taut wire strung through a bird that has been cut from thin cardboard, about five inches in size from head

(Continued on page 30)



In Spite of a Broken Home (Continued from page 6)

Children should be carefully watched and tested to detect malformations of personality. Then the twig can still be bent. Parents, young people, and the church must constantly work for better informed families. The vicious circle of unhealthy family influence handed from generation to generation must be broken. Something new must emerge. We must build in our own lives attitudes that are truly Christian, because they are healthy and radiant and emancipated. The moral platitude must give way to the emancipated life.

Purse String of My Heart (Continued from page 15)

Purse-string suture is the scientific name for a drawstring which was stitched and drawn around the base of an appendage protruding from my heart. While the silk thread stitching was drawn taut, the end of this appendage was snipped off. As the thread was slightly released, Dr. Glover inserted his forefinger into the incision. His finger had a two-glove thickness around it, and a small knife was concealed between the thickness. With the knife inside my heart, he slit open the scar tissue of my mitral valve. The silk thread was pulled tight around his finger to prevent blood from gushing out of my heart.

As he began cutting, the purse string suddenly broke! Stunned physicians stood amazed at the torrent of blood. But almost instinctively they replaced the blood by pressure transfusion. Dr. Glover finished the commissurotomy as quickly as possible.

When he told me about the incident, he said that thereafter two purse-string sutures would be used in case one broke. I had double reason then to be thankful—thankful that I could help heave commissurotomy from the experimental stage—thankful for another chance at life. I live again just as 750,000 "mitrals" may live through cardiac commissurotomy. As I recuperate, my loving family is just as thankful and proud as I that God has brought us even closer together in Christian fellowship. Perhaps my experience has even brought other family and church groups of my little hometown closer together and closer to God. The prayers they offered for me during my hospitalization were answered in spite of the many odds against me. The mended purse string of my heart has put a song of thanksgiving on their lips and mine.

The Child's Right to Knowledge (Continued from page 18)

state defines Negeb as "large desert area in southern Israel, now being irrigated." Since this region is south of Judea, its name came to be used to indicate the southward point of the compass. New Mexico and Arizona are spoken of by Americans as being in the West. Californians, however, seem to regard themselves as a separate race. Consequently, when they travel to Arizona, even though they are headed East, they say they are going to "the West." It is in some such sense that Abraham went "into the south" when he left Egypt.

The Revised Standard Version helps to keep this clear by rendering the term not as a direction but as the proper name of a region. It does this also with the Shephelah and the Arabah. The latter is a well-known geographical term applied especially to the arid region south of the Dead Sea. The KJV¹ generally translates it "plain." The Shephelah is the comparatively fertile region of low hills between the coastal plain and highlands of Judea. A Bible dictionary says that the word Shephelah does not occur in the canonical Scriptures. This is because the King James Version translated it "low country." "Low country" is a phrase which now suggests a region in Europe. The Revised Standard Version at 2 Chronicles 28:18 and Jeremiah 17:26 gives the correct designation, "Shephelah."

At Nahum 3:8, the King James Version reads: "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, *that had* the waters round about it, whose rempart *was* the sea, and her wall *was* from the sea?" Who now has any idea as to the location of No? In modern usage the term lacks geographical signification except perhaps in the phrase, "No-Man's Land." The Revised Standard Version renders this verse:

"Are you better than Thebes
that sat by the Nile,
with water around her,
her rampart sea,
and water her wall?"

It is not claimed that this kind of information saves the soul. It is contended that children have a right to know that Bible lands are real and that events of historic moment still transpire in the regions where heroes of the faith once lived and loved and labored.

The volume under discussion is a complete Bible and not an abridgment. It is a generally accepted fact that not all sections of the Scriptures are equally urgent for all people. There are parts of it to which we respond as we grow older: "Do not cast me off in the time of old age," is an exclamation of the

Psalmist. This can scarcely be of importance for those who are young. On the other hand, there are passages which make a special appeal to youth. John 1:14, says, "I write to you young men, because you are strong." That passage would hardly have a general appeal to the residents of an old folk home.

The true miracle of the Scriptures, perhaps, is their universal appeal. The makers of Revised Standard Version resolved not to issue an abridged Bible. There are some religious educators who would favor a separate volume containing those passages which appeal especially to children, and it may be that individuals or groups will want to make such a selection. The Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches is not planning to sponsor a volume of this kind. Educators will differ as to what passages are uniquely suited to children. So far as the Division is concerned, the principle has been adopted of publishing the entire Bible in a format which will make it suitable for family worship. It will also enable children to use such portions of it as may be assigned in church school or as they may choose for their own reading.

There is a sense in which the whole project for a Revised Standard Version rises out of children's right to knowledge, since many passages in older versions are not now intelligible to young people. Take, for example, the story of the Philippian jailer, where several details become clear when we read them in the Revised Standard Version. In the King James Version, at Acts 16:33, it says that he "washed *their* stripes." Who was the author? Was he a child? The author was a child, he pictured prisoners as having on the kind of striped clothing now worn by men behind prison bars. The jailer was happy he washed their clothes. That is the impression you get from the King James Version. Actually, the Greek word here means "stripe" only in the sense of a mark left by a lash. If prisoners had been beaten, the Revised Standard Version makes it clear that what he washed was "their wound." Similarly, when the startled jailer suddenly awakened from sleep, saw the open door, and concluded that all prisoners had escaped, with the prospect that his own life would be forfeit for this dereliction of duty, the King James Version says that "He called for light." The Greek word, however, is plural, and the Revised Standard Version says, "He called for lights." Evidently, he summoned as much light as possible, so as to make his inspection speedy and complete.

When the Revised Standard Version first appeared and was used at family worship in the home of the prelate, one of his sons exclaimed, "That reads like a story, doesn't it?" So it does, and so it ought, for the Gospel is meant to be a story.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

WHEN you punish a child for doing wrong, how can you keep him from lying so he won't be punished?

SUPPOSE there are those who would say that it is impossible to keep a child from lying in order to avoid punishment, if it is administered every time he admits doing wrong. And certainly indiscriminate punishment, unwisely and harshly administered, puts a great temptation upon a child to lie in order to escape it, a temptation that many are unable to resist.

I have used advisedly the words "indiscriminate," "unwisely," and "harshly," in the above sentence, and it seems to me the real answer to your question depends largely upon the type of punishment to which you are referring. The type of punishment just described is conducive to lying—we might as well admit it. But certainly all punishment is not of this type. There is punishment that is the logical outcome of undesirable behavior—a punishment that seems fair to a child. I suppose there is a sense in which a child dislikes all punishment. In another sense, however, it probably is true that way down underneath he welcomes it, if he feels that his parents have been fair in administering it. A child's sense of security depends largely upon the love and approval that he receives from his parents. When he unconsciously does that which is wrong, he is likely to fear that he has lost their love and approval, even though they may be understanding and loving parents. If after hearing about the misdeed, the punishment is a natural outcome of it and if he feels after that he has somehow made amends for it and is thus restored to the love of his parents, the punishment may actually help a child's sense of security rather than endanger it. In other words, if children feel that their parents really love them and are always fair, even when it comes to punishment, they are not likely to lie in order to escape punishment.

★ ★ ★

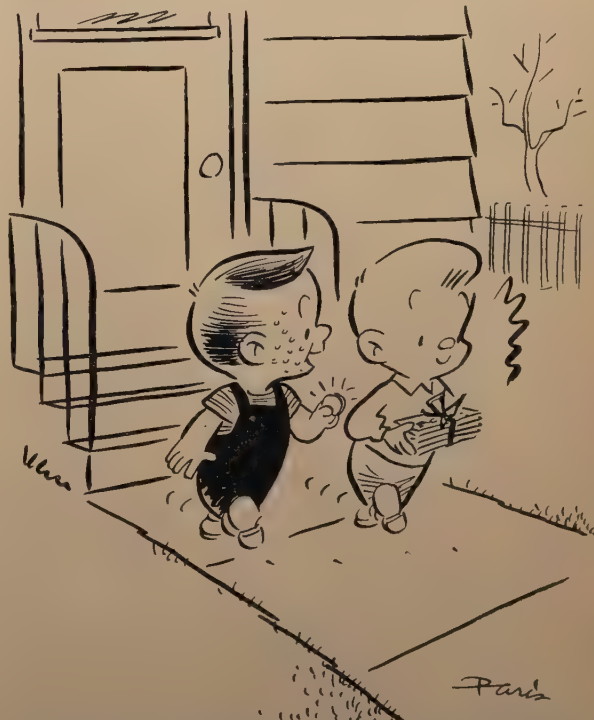
OUR two-year-old is terribly afraid of whistles at night. We live on the coast where boats and trains whistle all the time. We take her to see the boats and hear the whistles and try to help her understand. Still she wakes up with big eyes and tears and wants to jump into our arms. She is terribly disturbed.

SUDDEN loud noises almost always create feelings of fear in small children and it is to be expected, therefore, that your child should be frightened and want to "jump into your arms" when she is awakened

at night by the whistles. Take her into your arms, as she needs the sense of security that comes from being in them. At such a time, you may want to talk a bit about the boats and the whistles, but her acquaintance with them is not likely to prevent the fear that is aroused when they awaken her at night. You are following the right procedure in getting her acquainted with boats and whistles, however, so continue taking her to see the boats. You may even want to get her a whistle she can blow herself.

Your main responsibility, however, is to try to arrange it so she won't be awakened at night by the whistles. If you can accomplish this by keeping the windows down and the doors closed, well and good. If this is not sufficient, experiment with other methods. Perhaps your physician can help you devise some covering for the ears that will help to deaden the noise of the whistles and at the same time will not run the risk of injuring or bothering her in any way. As she gets older and the whistles continue every night, she probably will get to the place where she does not notice them.

Donald M. Maynard



"That was easy money, wasn't it? Now, let's see how much we can get for your mother's old love letters!"

Ward Patient

(Continued from page 9.)

"BUT WHAT'LL I do without you? Without you to knock on the wall to when I can't sleep!" Alice was racked with sobs.

"Isn't this the day the woman comes from the beauty parlor?"

"What difference does that make!" the tears rained down.

"I'm going to pay for a complete hairdo for you instead of sending you some flowers."

A startled gasp. "You are?"

"Wouldn't you like it?"

"Oh, Edith! Hand me that mirror, I want to see . . . do you think I'd look well with a poodle? What do you think?"

"You're just the type, Alice. A poodle would be wonderful on you. Your husband will love it."

"And," slyly, "Dr. Seward?"

"Stop, that, Alice! Here comes your lurch."

She went to pack her bag. In a sudden quiet she heard Miss Carney speaking. The faint voice carried across the room. "When the lady comes, could I have a permanent?"

Poor little Miss Carney . . . that brittle, faded, lifeless hair.

"I'd wait until next week, if I were you." The nurse spoke gently. "But I'll tell you what . . . you can have a manicure . . . with bright red polish. I'll do it myself . . . now."

Good-by . . . good-by, everybody! Low, I'll go to the movies with you, someday. Mrs. Isenberg, seventy-two is young! Do have that operation, and feel well, again! Good-by, Grace, come and see me. . . . Don't you dare cry, Alice. . . .

A young nurse came to carry her bag. At the door, Edith stopped. Alice was going to cry, her chest was heaving; but Dr. Seward was coming in the other door. "Oh, Dr. Sew . . . ard! Dr. Sew . . . ard!" That velvety voice. "Don't be scared of me! Come here!"

Poor Alice. And poor, poor young husband. Would he have patience and knowledge to deal with her, to help her grow? Mrs. Isenberg had gone to sleep again. "Murder!" The shrill cry was suddenly cut off as someone closed a door. Little Miss Carney lay curled in bed, remote in some world of her own, a wispy smile on her face, looking at her scarlet nails.

We're all here together, Edith thought. No one is really born alone. We're part of the same things—life . . . and death. . . .

She turned and followed the nurse along the hall.

At number 111A, she stopped. "This used to be my room." The door was open and she looked inside. The spread stretched tautly and smoothly over an empty bed. Impersonal, wiped clean of everything that had happened within its walls, the little room waited quietly for the next.

"Why, it's empty!"

"Sure," the nurse said. "It's been empty all the week. So have a number of others along here. We've not been very busy lately, except in maternity, where I've worked."

So THE doctor had done it on purpose.

She paid her bill. This woman at the desk, with her black hair neatly scalloped on either side of a fat, florid face, and the artificial rose stuck in the neck of her purple blouse . . . she, too, was part of it; strung on the same thread.

The taxi driver who took her suitcase. . . .

She looked back at the hospital as she stood on the step. The shadow of a bare maple tree showed along the stuccoed side, its delicate, intricate pattern trembling in the sunlight. She felt a strange happiness. So much to see . . . to feel . . . to do . . . and so little time to make one's life significant. There was no getting away from life by pulling a sheet over one's head, as she had tried to do at first. But no longer did she want to.

She looked up at the windows of the ward she had just left. Good, that middle shade was drawn. The light wouldn't shine in Alice's eyes. Those flowers on the end window sill looked faded. The nurse would have to throw them out.

"Is anything wrong? Have you forgotten something?"

It was the taxi driver, standing by his car.

She came back with a start. "No," she said slowly. "I haven't . . . forgotten . . . a thing."

She got in the cab. He closed the door.

Monkey Capers

(Continued from page 17.)

"Hop onto my back!" he croaked in a hoarse voice. "I'll take you out where you can see Madam Hippo better. And for goodness' sake, Dinky, hold on tight to your little cousin, Rheba! If she ever falls off my back, we'll never be able to find her in his deep water."

"Madam Hippo! I'm bringing two little friends to see you. If you don't mind, they'd like to watch while you wash your ears."

Madam Hippo opened her mouth wide and turned her big body from one side to the other before she spoke. Then she said, with her mouth full of water, "I have so much trouble washing my ears. You see, they're so far back on my head I can never be sure of getting them clean. How about that little one doing them for me?"

In another minute Dinky had boosted Rheba, and she was sitting high on the back of the big hippopotamus, washing her funny little ears. She knew that Dinky would be jealous, but he couldn't have all the fun!

"I could scrub your back," he spoke up. "See. My hands are small, but they're strong!"

Madam Hippo laughed. "All right, Dinky. Then I'll have nothing to do at

all, but lie here in the sun. And won't mind that a bit!"

So she lay in the sun, and the two little monkeys scrubbed her, round and round. Madam Hippo laughed. "Ho! Ho! Ho! You tickle me so! Ho! Ho! Ho!" Her slippery sides shook and shook.

Rheba reached out for one of her little ears, but it was too late! With splash she landed in the water and disappeared, leaving circles over her head.

She struggled to push the water away. Once she opened her mouth to call out to Crocky, but the water choked her, and she could hardly breathe. She thought she saw his big body moving through the water toward her, but just then she bobbed up to the top of the water, long enough to let him hear her shout. In another minute, she was in Crocky's strong jaws, trying to shake the water from her ears and mouth, and he was starting for shore with her.

Her teeth were chattering. "Oh! Crocky!" Her voice was weak. "You saved me from the big fish down there. He had me by the leg, and he would never have—let me go—if you hadn't come along."

Madam Hippo blinked her eyes. "We have to get the little thing home before she catches cold. Hold on good and tight to me and I'll ferry you home. And don't wriggle around like you did before. If you must know, I'm ticklish! And tickling makes me nervous!"

What a trip they had! When they finally reached shore Crocky had to carry them off.

"But, Crocky'll bring you again another time!" Madam Hippo promised.

Biblegram Solution

Biblegram from page 26

"Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice, and let them say among the nations, 'The Lord reigns.' Let the sea roar, and all that fills it, let the field exult, and everything in it." (Chronicles 16:31-32)

The Words

A Feeble	M Janitor
B Teeter	N Leaven
C Little	O Lashed
D Cheetah	P Month
E Hamite	Q Length
F Enough	R Giddy
G Athlete	S Errand
H Talent	T Stilt
I Halifax	U Island
J Variety	V Resent
K Eighth	W Stall
L Tornado	X Dens

Great Ambition Party

(Continued from page 27.)

to tail. If you want to be very proper you can have a bluebird on one wire, a canary on another wire, a redbird on a third, a blackbird on a fourth and so on.

Prizes add zest to any contest. They do not need to be expensive, however.

Books For The Hearth Side

From the arid Southwest to **Bennett** gh, by Marguerite Dickson (Longmans, Green and Co. 1953. 218 pages. Price, \$2.75), is a long jump but one rich young people will enjoy taking. Here is a story about high school life and how a young and snobbish girl discovers the satisfactions of democratic living at Bennett High. This story presents good pictures of family life along with the inside story of school problems.

Life in China under the Communists the background of **Day of the False Dragon**, by Alice Margaret Huggins (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1953. 100 pages. Price, \$2.50). This is the story of Ling Ning, a young teacher of science in a girls' school in North China, and her discovery of Christianity through a Min, who also teaches science. The difficulties of teaching under Communism are dramatically set forth. How the young teachers finally escape to free China provides an element of thrilling suspense.

The Olympic games have a long history. **Test of Valor**, by James Wesley Ingles (Westminster Press, 1953. 166 pages. Price, \$2.50), takes young readers, and older ones too, back to the early Olympic games of ancient Greece. Young Nicias of Athens, an athlete whose success in the pentathlon (a five-event test of speed and strength) encourages him to try the pancration (a boxing-wrestling event) which had crippled his father, enters the event to avenge the father. The story develops a contest between brutal strength and intelligent idealism and clean living, a symbol of free men struggling against tyranny.

A good story any time but especially interesting for the basketball season is Jack Friedlich's **Play Maker** (Westminster Press, 1953. 188 pages. Price, \$2.50). Here is the story of a star tackle on a successful football team pressing some critical ideas about the school basketball team's failures and coming to "put up or shut up." How he tries out for the basketball team in an effort to lift it into the winning column and the antagonisms he arouses provide plenty of conflict and suspense. A good book for a late fall or winter's reading.

The never-ending appeal of the wide west comes to the fore in **Headquarters**

Ranch by Billy Warren (David McKay Co., New York, 1954. 210 pages. Price, \$2.75). Fourteen-year-old David Cain, the hero of this story, has a difficult and dangerous time proving his ownership to the JC Bar ranch, which is claimed by "Bullet" Gordon. The action is based on true events in the days of the open range in 1875 on the Purgatoire River in Colorado. The author has written and illustrated several stirring western tales.

The background of life among the Pueblo Indians is the setting for **Meeting in the Mountains**, by John B. Prescott (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 1953. 180 pages. Price, \$2.75). The story tells of those long vanished cliff dwellers who left their interesting homes in the cliffs before our present Indians came on the scene. Akona, son of Corn Planter and Desert Woman, and Mountain Girl are the two characters around whom the story develops. How they saved their people by the long migration from the place of drought and danger will keep young readers absorbed to the end.

The books of E. O. Harbin, expert on games and recreation, are probably read by more persons than any other recreation books. He has a new book for younger groups entitled *Games for Boys and Girls* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, publishers, N. Y., 160 pages, \$2.00). Here are many games for many occasions, both new and familiar, with the familiar ones being given a new and different twist. Parents will find it useful at home, leaders of children in the church can use it, and best of all the boys and girls themselves can use it to plan their own good times. It is cleverly illustrated by Karl J. Murr.

Going to school is one of the greatest adventures of a child's life. *Jerry at School*, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, with pictures by Corrine Malvern (Simon and Schuster, 25 cents) shows the typical events of a day in kindergarten. Children who have just started to school will relive their experiences. Those who have not will enjoy looking at and hearing about the things that school children do.



Gedde Harmon



Over the Back Fence

Heart of Our Greatness

The heart of America's greatness is in its religious strength. Only by faith can men hold firm and uncompromised their spiritual heritage of freedom and the right to live with hope.

No force can close in on that freedom and hope as long as we hold to our unfaltering belief in the fellowship of man with his God. No force can overcome the heroic powers which spring eternally from faith.

We can thank the religious beliefs of our founding fathers for dedicating their labor and their lives to the creation of this land of freedom. The foundations of this nation were laid by men and women who believed in God and his influence in human affairs. From the earliest days, spiritual aspirations have been a vital force in American life.

The first act of the Pilgrims after their ship gained the shelter of the harbor in the autumn of 1621 was to thank God for having led them safely overseas.

The first money issued by the new nation was stamped with its faith in divine power with the phrase: "In God We Trust."

Early in the sessions of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin interrupted the proceedings to inquire why the meetings were not opened with prayer for divine guidance. He reminded the convention that in that very room when the Declaration of Independence was being drawn up, there had been daily prayer.

Today there is urgent need for the vision and fortitude of men of faith. Much depends upon us—as individuals and as a nation. We have in this nation a vast reservoir of that faith. Mobilizing it and sharing it is the one sure way to inspire hope in the hearts of the people of the world for a better day.

Good News on a Tragic Theme

The nation's traffic toll is coming down!

The National Safety Council reports that for seven straight months, beginning in January of 1954, the monthly traffic death total was lower than for the same month in 1953. God grant that it continued

through the remaining five months for which figures are not available.

An interesting and encouraging feature of the good news to business and industrial people is that the council attributes part of the traffic improvement to the increased effort business and industry are making to extend their safety know-how to the entire community.

"More and more," says the Council, "the leadership which has brought about such splendid progress in safety on the job is being extended beyond the factory gate to the whole community, as a public service."

The Council also attributes an important part of the traffic safety improvement to the Stop Accident Campaign, which has been conducted by The Advertising Council for nine years in cooperation with the National Safety Council.

Every person can play an important part in this big effort to bring down the traffic toll. Drive cautiously, sensibly, skillfully. Carry into your car all the safety practices which you have learned.

Remember—the life you save may be your own.

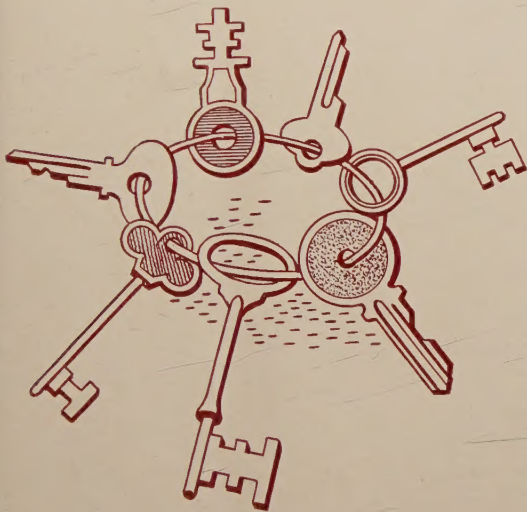
Whose Fault Is It?

Paul Jourgensen, Racine, Wisconsin, attorney and co-ordinator of the National Licensed Beverage Association, told the Tavern Operators' Association in Louisville, Kentucky, that parents and teachers were much to blame for the fact that many juveniles are stepping up to the bar and buying a drink.

Parents and teachers will acknowledge with shame that there is much truth in his statement. We do not give enough attention to this matter of drinking by minors in our nation's saloons—pardon the slip (we mean taverns).

Hearthstone, until better evidence comes along than the testimony of a paid employee of the brewers, will continue to believe that most of the blame lies on the shoulders of the group represented by the initials NLBA. (Puzzle: Find the name of that organization on this page!)

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By Jessie M. Trout. Drawings of flowers add to this devotional book which suggests a theme for each week. Although the book is for private devotions, each week's service is arranged for adaptation to women's group devotions. ----- \$1.95

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By Leta May Brown. Doctor of the soul as well as body, Dr. Hira Lal is typical of Indian Christians who work side-by-side with foreign missionaries. Here is a native medical doctor who was one of the first converts in the Disciples of Christ mission at Mungeli, India. ----- \$3.00

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